

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 977.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1846.

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Stampd Edition, 5d.

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**THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE**  
ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND, for the Year 1846, will be held at YORK, com-  
mencing on TUESDAY, July 21st.

**Patron**—His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.  
**President**—The Right Hon. the EARL FITZVILLIAM.  
An arrangement has been made with the Directors of the London and Birmingham and the Midland Counties Railways for the con-  
venience of Members, between London and York, at reduced fares.  
Members who have paid their subscription for the current year,  
and propose to avail themselves of such arrangement, are requested  
to apply for their Cards at the Apartments of the Institute, be-  
tween the 14th and 18th of July.  
By order of the Central Committee,  
T. HUDSON TURNER, Resident Secretary.  
14, Haymarket, June 10th, 1846.

**BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.** ESTABLISHED 1831. THE THIRD ANNUAL  
CONGRESS will be held at GLOUCESTER during the first week  
of August, from the 3rd to the 8th inst. inclusive. Tickets, one  
guinea each, may be had of the Secretaries.  
The *Westminster* Volume is now ready, and may be procured  
of the Publisher, H. G. Bohn, York-street, at reduced prices.  
The Sixth Number of the *Journal* of the Association is also  
ready for delivery to Members whose subscription for the year is  
paid.  
T. CROKER, F.S.A. } Honorary  
C. R. SMITH, F.S.A. } Secretaries.  
July 18, 1846. }  
5, Liverpool-street, City.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN CLUB.**  
A GENERAL MEETING of the Members will be held on  
MONDAY, July 28, at Two o'clock, precisely, for the purpose of  
fixing an early day for the OPENING DINNER, when a full  
attendance is requested.  
All Candidates proposed before the day of opening will be ad-  
mitted, by the ballot, to the Club, and without an entrance  
fee, at the Annual Subscription of Eight Guineas for a Town Resident,  
and Six Guineas for a Country Member, without further respon-  
sibility.  
Application to be made to the Secretary, at No. 13, George-street,  
Hanover-square.

**MR. GRIFFITH, REDLANDS, BRISTOL,** wishes to  
ENGAGE A TUTOR, in preparing Youth for the Uni-  
versities, Military Schools, &c.

**TO CLERGYMEN—SCHOLASTIC PARTNER-**  
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FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, many years established in one of  
the principal towns of England, is desirous of meeting with a  
CLERGYMAN, who shall be a Clergyman of the Established Church,  
and a first-rate scholar, and who can command a capital of from  
two to three thousand pounds. The annual income of the school  
at present averages 3,000*l.*, and with the contemplated changes,  
it may be reasonably expected to be raised to 5,000*l.*. None  
but Principals will be treated with; and communications are to  
be addressed, in the first place, to T. S. H., under cover, to Messrs.  
Dale & Fletcher, Clerk-lane, London.

**GERMAN MASTER AT HOME.**—A Pro-  
fessor of a German University, Author of many Works, who  
is provided with the highest certificates from English and Foreign  
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Family in some pleasant rural part of the Country, to impart a  
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**EDUCATION.—GERMANY.—BONN, on the Rhine.**  
The Principal of an Academy at Bonn, a German Pro-  
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Prussia, RECEIVES TWELVE PUPILS. The system of tuition  
includes the ancient and modern languages, the whole  
range of mathematics, and the accomplishments usually forming  
part of a liberal education. The small number of pupils permits  
such advantages as give to this establishment the character  
of a large family circle. References to the relatives of  
former and present pupils, as also to English clergymen, may be  
had with the prospectus on application to the Principal, from  
the 6th to the 25th, between the hours of 10 and 3, at 9,  
Hollen-street, Cavendish-square.

**THE GERMAN AND FRENCH PRO-**  
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languages. The resident teachers and servants are foreigners, and  
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so ordered as to insure the comfort and health of the pupils. The  
grounds for recreation are extensive, and are provided with public baths,  
and a medical man visits the Establishment periodically.  
With respect to the details and results of her plan of education,  
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| For other Places   | 0  | 10 | 6  |
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| For other Places   | 0  | 8  | 0  |
| For the Ball, at the Theatre, Gentlemen's Tickets                  | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| Ladies ditto   | 0  | 10 | 0  |
| For Spectators to the Upper Boxes                                  | 0  | 5  | 0  |
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J. F. LEDSAM, Chairman of the Committee.

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to the Palace of Pleasure, by John Wood, a pair by Uwins, Sophia  
Western by Owen, and a few by the old Masters.  
May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogues had of Messrs.  
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**TO BIBLIOGRAPHERS, THE LITERATI, &c.**  
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KENDAL, Westmorland, in the month of August next, the  
whole of the  
**EXTENSIVE LITERARY COLLECTIONS**  
of the late Mr. Thomas Cooper, for many years a zealous and  
judicious Gatherer, and respectable Bibliophile in that locality.  
Further announcements will be given in due time, and Cata-  
logues may be had ten days antecedent to the Sale,  
Liverpool, July 18th, 1846.

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Part I. will be published on the 1st of October, and continue monthly. No. 1 on Saturday, the 3rd of October, and continue weekly.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK—CAUTION TO PROVISION.  
DIRECTORS—MANCHESTER AND LEEDS COMPANY  
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TERIAL CHANGE AS IT CONCERNS US—CURIOSITY  
OF OFFICIAL REPORTING—BOARD OF TRADE AT  
THE GAUGE QUESTION—FRUITS OF GAUGE DECISION  
—INEFFICIENCY OF THE POST-OFFICE—RELIGION  
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**REPORTS OF MEETINGS.**—North Staffordshire, Directors' Report—West Flanders, Directors' Report—Meetings to Approve Bills before Parliament—Meetings of Shareholders to Affirm Dissolve—Sunderland Dock.

**RAILWAY LITERATURE.**—Letter on the Jeopardy to which the Interests of the London and Birmingham Railway are exposed by the Reversion of the Gauge Commissioners' Report.

**OFFICIAL PAPERS.**—Twenty-second Report of the Classification Committee—Return of the number of Engines, Carriages and Trucks—Railway Fares and Rates—Sambre and Meuse West Flanders.

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**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXIX.**  
was published on Wednesday last.

**Contents:**  
1. LIFE and GENIUS of LEBNIZ.  
2. FRENCH ALGEBRA: THE SAHARA and its TRIBES.  
3. THE LONG PARLIAMENT and SIR SIMONDS DEWEES.  
4. GLASSFORD'S LYRICAL TRANSLATIONS.  
5. LANGUAGE and STRUCTURE of the STATUTES.  
6. BORN and the INDIAN ARCHIPLAGO.  
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The condition of the Stage, however, regarded in relation to the Ideal Drama, presents that lamentable contrast which we remarked above. While modern dramatic works are, for unacted dramas, extensively read, they fail, in performance, to master the sympathy of a large and promiscuous audience. Effects are doubtless produced, sympathies touched, and approval elicited; but that rivetting impression which should result from passion and truth embodied to the senses, is

rarely, if ever, realized. The public has learnt to consider the performance of the poetical drama in the mere light of an artistic exhibition. It looks for the due proportion of skill, incident and relieved sentiment; and can detect, to a nicety, the want or preponderance of any given ingredient. No longer passive and malleable to the inspiration of the poet, it assumes a disquisitionary calmness. It has become tolerant—and also indifferent. The perceptions of criticism—not the impulse of emotion—determine its verdict. In the critical tone which distinguishes the appreciative mind—and to which the creative mind conforms itself—we have probably a key to the distinction between the success of the Drama and the prosperity of the Theatre. Rich in intellectual precedents, the critic derives from them his standard of judgment, and the poet his laws of composition. Not only have we imbibed the influence of great models, but, in some cases, we have transcended the past in execution. Placed at a distance sufficiently remote from the Elizabethan dramatists and their turbid and artificial successors, we have had no difficulty in deciding their relative claims. Our taste, thoroughly schooled by the contrast, has not only been exalted by the excellencies of dramatic retrospect, but enlightened by its errors. The consequence is, that a poetical play rarely appears which may not be commended for its freedom from vulgar blemishes, as well as for its positive merits. We have a drama characterized by a subtle apprehension of the imaginative beauty and pure feeling which we have studied and emulated. In literary worth, there has been nothing of its kind, since the close of the Elizabethan era, so polished, delicate, and true as our present dramatic poetry. 'Rienzi,' 'Ion,' 'Cosmo de Medicis,' 'Philip Van Artevelde,' the yet nobler—because more Christian—dramas of 'The Legend of Florence,' 'Colombe's Birth-day,' and other works of kindred excellence,—are worth all that Young, Thompson, Aaron Hill, Murphy, Moore, or Lillo ever produced.

The modern drama abounds in graces of style and charm of sentiment. It commands the suffrage of taste and feeling; and is, therefore, accepted in perusal by men of education and refinement. But, inasmuch as it is generally the result of reflection—not immediate—inspiration, it wants the original energy that can alone move a popular concourse. With two or three exceptions, the dramatic poet makes no attempt to embody, in his work, the aspects of philosophy and feeling peculiar to his age. Nor does this defect so much arise from servile reverence for the past, as from the want of a progressive moral development on which new conceptions might be based. Every successful phase of dramatic genius has hitherto represented the contemporary ethics of society. Thus, Classical Tragedy enshrined the religious faith of Greece. Thus, Shakspeare realized the mature evolution of human character in all its richness and variety. The contemplative romance of an epoch when the opposite charms of antiquity and civilization harmonized—chivalry with philosophy, imagination with practical wisdom—is a pervading element of his plays. We trace the same law in the descending series. The rhetorical tirades of Rowe, and the polished frigidity of Addison, were in consonance with the morality of a period which laid an undue emphasis upon studied graces, both in life and art—and which, in its rage for the epigrammatic finish of comedy, demanded analogous results from the tragic poet. When public taste and sentiment had still further degenerated into the artificial, we find such vapid inflations as

'Sophonisba,' 'Agamemnon' and 'Barbarossa,' at the climax of favour. Unless these plays had represented, or created, the psychological features of their day, they could not have existed at all;—but, inasmuch as those features were themselves ephemeral, permanence could not be expected for their delineations. The conclusion, then, that we desire to maintain, is, the necessity for identifying the drama with the moral and philosophic spirit of the period.

Now, this is an obligation which modern dramatists and critics have rarely considered. That the spiritual progress of a nation should be recorded in the scenes of its theatres, is an axiom which, so far from being assented to, has scarcely been discussed:—yet is it one which Reason and Experience alike confirm. Even Schlegel, intimate as he was with the past manifestations of Dramatic Art, and subtle as was his sense of their distinctions, seems never to have regarded the subject *prospectively*. Admitting, as he doubtless did, the varied combinations into which old elements might be thrown, he does not appear to have anticipated that Time would generate new principles of interest in the Drama. The state of his mind in this respect is sufficiently evident from his general definition of Tragedy:—

"Man alone, of all the animals with which we are acquainted, is capable of looking back towards the past, and forward into futurity; and he has to purchase the enjoyment of this noble privilege at a dear rate. Earnestness, in the most extensive signification, is the direction of our mental powers to some aim. But as soon as we begin to call ourselves to account for our actions, reason compels us to fix this aim higher and higher, till we come at last to the highest end of our existence: and here that longing for the infinite which is inherent in our being, is baffled by the limits of our finite existence. All that we do, all that we effect, is vain and perishable; death stands everywhere in the background, and to it every well or ill spent moment brings us nearer and closer; and even when a man has been so singularly fortunate as to reach the utmost term of life without any grievous calamity, the inevitable doom still awaits him to leave or to be left by all that is most dear to him on earth. There is no bond of love without a separation, no enjoyment without the grief of losing it. When, however, we contemplate the relations of our existence to the extreme limit of possibilities: when we reflect on its entire dependence on a chain of causes and effects, stretching beyond our ken; when we consider how weak and helpless, and doomed to struggle against the enormous powers of nature, and conflicting appetites, we are cast on the shores of an unknown world, as it were, shipwrecked at our very birth; how we are subject to all kinds of errors and deceptions, any one of which may be our ruin; that in our passions we cherish an enemy in our bosoms; how every moment demands from us, in the name of the most sacred duties, the sacrifice of our dearest inclinations, and how at one blow we may be robbed of all that we have acquired with much toil and difficulty; that with every accession to our stores, the risk of loss is proportionately increased, and we are only the more exposed to the malice of hostile fortune; when we think upon all this, every heart which is not dead to feeling must be overpowered by an inexpressible melancholy, for which there is no other counterpoise than the consciousness of a vocation transcending the limits of this earthly life. This is the tragic tone of mind; and when the thought of the possible issues out of the mind as a living reality, when this tone pervades and animates a visible representation of the most striking instances of violent revolutions in a man's fortunes, either prostrating his mental energies or calling forth the most heroic endurance,—then the result is *Tragic Poetry*. We thus see how this kind of poetry has its foundation in our nature, while to a certain extent we have also answered the question, why we are fond of such mournful representations, and even find something consoling and elevating in them? This tone of mind we have described is inseparable from strong feeling; and although poetry cannot remove these internal dissonances, she

must at least endeavour to effect an ideal reconciliation of them."

We could not desire a more lucid or eloquent exposition of the Greek Tragedy. But Schlegel is here asserting the tragic ideal in the abstract—an ideal which he supposes as appropriate to the Romantic Drama and the Christian Drama as to the Classical. The creed announced is, that of Man's subjection to Circumstance. And, doubtless, when we consider humanity, as the Greeks did, in relation to its external vicissitudes, nothing can be truer or more impressive than the definition which we have quoted. It is, obviously, however, too narrow to include the moral scope of the Shakspearian Drama; which, though generally referring the calamity or happiness of mankind to the operation of outward events, does occasionally—as in *Macbeth*—recognize the power of the soul to colour with its own influences the aspects of fortune. Of Duncan, though betrayed and murdered, it is said,—"after life's fitful fever he sleeps well;" while *Macbeth*, at the culmination of his worldly star, is made, in words as thrilling as ever uttered human despair, to envy the very lot of his victim.

But, if Schlegel's view of the tragic element fall short of Shakspeare's ethics, it is still more inadequate to the spiritual ideas of more advanced times. For the "inexpressible melancholy" which distinguishes the fluctuations of human affairs, our author finds no counterpoise except "the consciousness of a vocation transcending the limits of this earthly life." It is to the immortal *future* alone, that Schlegel looks for consolation; forgetful that the influences of Religion should enter not only into our anticipations, but into the immediate experience of life. We certainly concur with this accomplished critic in his contempt for that kind of poetical justice which distributes the rewards and penalties of material existence with a nice respect to individual desert,—on the principle of giving the largest slice of cake to the best boy. But neither, on the other hand, can we content ourselves with a theory which excludes from human consciousness the operation of the Divine Beneficence. It is here that we have a special example of the antagonism that now prevails between the suggestions of Religion and the characteristics of Art. We believe (or profess to believe) in the sustaining and exalting power of spiritual elements, amidst all that is dark and painful in the sphere of circumstances. We do not mean that the sensibility to grief is destroyed,—but that the heroic soul infuses something of its own benign nature into the darkest features of its condition: not that the planet invariably looks down upon a rejoicing world,—but that, how black soever may be the interposing cloud, the folds become luminous which lie closest to the star. We entertain the same principle with respect to the misery of guilt. Its outward career may not be distinguished by extraordinary adversity—nay, it may be illustrated by uninterrupted successes. But we recognize the curse in the bosom of the offender; and perceive that all without him is contemplated through the medium of his own remorse or apathy.

Such is the morality of the Christian Faith;—one presenting a vista far more sublime to imaginative genius than the retrospect of all previous beliefs can offer. And yet, Art—that should have been kindled into enthusiasm by so august a philosophy—has contented itself with the idea of a capricious destiny, or the mean and false hypothesis of external retributions and rewards. That the acted drama should not be warmly responded to by the public is a matter of little wonder, when the Christian sentiment of our firesides is contrasted with the

Pagan morality of the stage. We are far from wishing to undervalue the sublime expositions of passion and imagination which we inherit from the past. As the utterances of their own epochs they must ever influence and delight posterity; but the same approval can never be conceded to their modern imitators. Society demands from contemporary Poets, the expression of its own life and the solution of its own problems. And how changed is the Ideal of these days from those former Ideals which dramatic genius has embodied! The central figures of the Old Drama have principally owed their animation to Revenge, Personal Ambition, Personal Love, and Personal Pride. It is the indomitable energy of Richard, the consuming passion of Othello, the uncompromising haughtiness of Coriolanus, that place them in the gallery of heroic forms. Nor have we now to learn, that wherever the deep heart of man is laid bare, a mysterious grandeur will encompass the most appalling revelations, and induce, in the minds of the spectators, reverence and humility. But with those purer truths by which religious influences gradually—and very gradually—supersede the natural gravitation of the mind to human theologies, come loftier aspects of moral purpose and imaginative beauty. The turbulent principles of human character must still be exhibited;—not, however, as its heroic features, but as the darkness which contrasts them. The energy, the fortitude, the disinterestedness of love—the self-sustaining and compensating attributes of noble qualities—the internal devastation of selfish guilt, destroying, for the morsel which it covets, the very appetite that should enjoy it—these furnish, we believe, suggestions for a drama such as, in the hands of genius, might renew the dominion of the poet over his audience. The success which Comedy—the exponent of passing life—yet enjoys, is a proof that, wherever the vital features of a period are delineated, public interest is excited. The "very age and body of the time" will never forsake the mirror which reflects its "form and pressure."

Not only would a drama founded on Christian morals supply a new commentary on all the great transactions and characters of antiquity,—but it would ennoble the features and events of its own day, by relating them to the idea which underlies them. The difference between a poetical and a familiar drama is not the difference between circumstance and circumstance—period and period; but the difference between the superficial and prosaic, and the profound and ideal, aspects of life. Nothing is common that principle informs. The knife which Virginius snatched from the shambles is as consecrated to poetical uses as the dagger of Brutus.—Let it be remembered, too, that, when an age is represented as selfish and mechanical, the very objection hints the antagonizing ideal. Where the tendency of a period is gross and selfish—material and sceptical—a sphere is at once provided for the struggles and triumphs of Generosity and Faith.

#### *The Privateersman One Hundred Years Ago.*

By Capt. Marryat. 2 vols. Longman & Co. Capt. Marryat, we apprehend, will not object to our play upon words, if we say that never was monarch of adventurous fiction less of a King *Log* than he,—and he never less than now, when dealing with the "Log of a Privateersman" of the last century. He dashes in *medias res* at once, with the perfect confidence in himself and his audience of some old ballad rhymester. "Without further preface," says he, in his second page, "I shall commence with a narrative of my cruize off Hispaniola, in the

Revenge Privateer." From this point the wondrous tale proceeds in an unbroken flow; the maintenance of which is partly an affair of audacity, partly of power. There is no stint to the perils shared by Alexander Musgrave, alias Eltrington; from which he extricates himself by a union of keen wit and prudential morality little less marvellous. Whether boarding an adversary, or flinging himself overboard with a deep-sea line to rescue a boy in the water—whether escaping from sharks at Senegal, or doing Platonic service as a slave to the gentlest black Queen that ever "loved an Englishman," and was watched by a brute of a husband—whether starring it in London with that brave heart Captain Levee, or abetting the escape of four Jacobite gentlemen "in trouble," for which, and his loyal secrecy concerning the same, his life was all but forfeited—whether married to a fiendish, old Indian squaw, who would, as the alternative, have worn his ears round her neck, and ruling her with club-law—orfagging in a diamond mine—there picking up a rare jewel, worth a king's ransom, quite easily, and concealing it with as little trouble—or tethered by a Virginian *Glumdalca*, who had a mind to chain him to her for life—the Privateersman is still the same; an odd mixture of uncompromising principle protesting against warfare, bloodshed, and other such violence, and of power to achieve the most desperate prodigies of valour—of tender and constant love, and of an indifference to tenderness scarcely human. Then, by a splendid *coup de réserve*, after he has run the gauntlet of every conceivable mishap and hardship, what—after Capt. Marryat's accustomed romantic habit—should drop at our feet (the hero's own knowledge of such a chance having been only slightly intimated throughout the tale) but a Baronetcy and many thousands a-year! A fair lady, of course, has been long waiting the close of the novel, to be made happy. The matter, as has been shown, is various; but the manner is the thing which gives its charm to the narrative. No one

—speaks of Africa and golden joys

with such a brilliant disregard of the incredible, and such an untiring animation, as Captain Marryat.

*Algeria in 1845. A Visit to the French Possessions in Africa.* By Count St. Marie, formerly of the French Military Service. Bentley.

Who is this "Count St. Marie"? A Frenchman he can hardly be, or he would not speak truths so disagreeable to the national vanity as we find in many parts of his book. But be he who or what he may, his volume, small as are his talents for authorship, is welcome; since, with all its trifling details, it does add something to our knowledge of a country which the French have done their best to misrepresent, for the purpose of blinding Europe to the real nature of their doings in that barbarous region. All information relative to this subject is valuable, as helping to prove the incompetency of the people in question either to retain the conquests which they sometimes make, or to devise any rational scheme of colonization.

The facility with which the French armies are recruited, and the attachment of the soldiers to the service, are owing in great measure to the system of promotion in that country:—

"In the French army a private soldier has a noble career before him, and may by possibility become a Marshal of France. Of this, Marshal Bugeaud is an example. He served four years in the ranks, and then was made an officer. Instances of even more rapid advancement are not unfrequent. In time of war, in Africa for example, similar promotion may take place after only three months' service: a feat of gallantry may also shorten the period of service

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in the ranks. After a private is made a corporal or a brigadier, he may immediately obtain the rank of sergeant, or quarter-master, and then without further delay, he may rise to sergeant-major, and chief quarter-master, or adjutant sub-officer. All these ranks are at the nomination of the Colonel of a regiment, who may also break them at his pleasure, except where they have been obtained in reward for an act of courage on the field of battle. In that case, they can be broken only by the sentence of a court-martial. A man must pass through the ranks of corporal and sergeant, or of brigadier or quarter-master, before he can become an officer. The rank of sergeant-major, or chief quarter-master, are official rather than military. In each company, there is one sergeant-major to keep the accounts, and one quarter-master to act as his secretary."

There should, indeed, be advantages of some kind to counterbalance the sufferings to which the French soldiers are exposed in Africa. The intolerable heat of the country, where the sun's glare is reflected from a floor of sand,—the frequent failure of water, no less than of good provisions,—the personal insecurity, at every moment of night and day—the prevalence of disease, and the "tender mercies" awaiting every man who falls into Arab hands—are terrors the extent of which is little known in Europe. The wounded, when at a distance from the capital, can seldom hope to remain in the temporary hospitals provided for them. Before their wounds are dressed, they are often hastily removed, to prevent their falling into native hands: in other words, they must accompany their retreating comrades,—though death, ere they shall have travelled half-a-dozen leagues, be the almost certain consequence. Near Medeah, our author saw about thirty long waggons, each containing some ten of these sufferers deprived of almost every necessary:—

"What a sad spectacle was this! Three hundred brave men, mutilated, and worn out by fatigue and suffering, not even permitted to die tranquilly in an hospital bed. I was assured, that every day fresh convoys were pursuing the same route; and if the men do not speedily recover or die, they are removed to make room for others; thus encountering the fatigues of another long journey, to be transferred to another hospital. The consequence is, that these invalids frequently perish on the road. The last waggon of the convoy we passed contained the dead bodies of two unfortunate men, who had perished by being exposed to the chill air of the defiles, and their fevered and shivering comrades seemed to envy their fate. I was deeply moved at the sight of these poor fellows as the waggons drove slowly past us. Their features were drawn, their eyes wild, their clothes tattered; but, in spite of all this misery and suffering, each one grasped his musket."

The cruelty of the French soldiery to the natives whose country they have invaded, is such that they neither deserve nor expect mercy when most in need of it. Of their commander, Marshal Bugeaud, the following character is given by our author:—

"Marshal Bugeaud, the Governor of Algiers, is a man of great military ability, and of the most perfect integrity. He is out and out a soldier, and is jealous of his authority. He wishes to do too much by himself in the colony; and he stops at nothing, overthrowing every obstacle that stands in his way. M. Blandel, an able man, who held a high civil appointment in France, was sent to Algiers; but he was obliged to return. The Minister of War in Paris is himself often embarrassed with the Marshal, whose manners are rough and blunt, and who, it is said, has been heard to say, 'L'Afrique, c'est moi!' He is the terror of the Arabs, and his cordial reception of Colonel Pelissier, when he returned from his Dahra expedition, showed that he himself thought but light of the sacrifice of 1,200 victims."

It is impossible to read the pages of this volume without feeling that the author's statements are to be received with very great caution. According to him, the Marshal and his companions in arms are alike corrupt as civil function-

aries and savage as soldiers. But he is right enough when he intimates that the portion of country occupied by the invaders, though in many districts very fertile, does not produce enough for the consumption of the colonists; and that manufactures being out of the question, almost every article of consumption is imported. If he may be believed, the importer, who has neither the means nor the inclination to bribe the authorities, may return with his cargo as soon as he pleases:—

"Other embarrassments tend to depress commerce. For instance, whatever is required for the army, the shipping, or the government, has to be accepted by a commission, to which the merchants invariably offer a gratuity to prevent articles of the best quality being rejected as bad. Of this, the following fact affords an illustration. Six vessels, laden with corn for the army, were in the port. A commissioner went on board to examine the cargoes, which were of the first quality; but the consignee not having paid the required fee, the six cargoes were rejected. The government, it was understood, would have taken them at seventeen francs per measure; but on 'change, next day, they were all purchased at thirty francs per measure; and, within a fortnight, the government was negotiating for that same corn, at thirty-two francs; the new owner having taken care to get it inspected by the right persons. In this case the transaction was advantageous to trade, because it proved to be an article of the first necessity, with a certainty of sale; but in cases in which the operation has reference to some special article, the ruinous loss may be readily imagined."

That agriculture should be in a wretched state is a matter of course—the impossibility considered of carrying on the necessary operations unless a strong body of the troops be posted on every farm. The Frenchman may sow and weed—but the Arab is nearly sure to reap. Of this condition of things a good illustration is presented in the fate of what is called the Model Farm,—within three or four leagues of the capital:—

"This place has several times been pillaged by the Arabs, and therefore presents a somewhat dilapidated aspect. For a considerable period endeavours were made at the Model Farm to improve the breed of horned cattle, which in Africa are very small and lean; but the Arabs constantly killed or carried off the animals. Attention was next directed to the cultivation of wheat, barley, oats, &c.; but the standing crops were destroyed. The fields round the Model Farm are now appropriated solely to the growth of fodder; as soon as the grass is mowed, it is delivered over to government, for if stacks were formed, the Arabs would burn them. The farm is now in a very ruinous condition. The wisest plan that could be adopted would be to abandon it altogether; it is in a very unhealthy situation, and is too far out of the reach of assistance if attacked."

The alarming destruction of life and waste of money are thus stated by the writer before us:—

"The sacrifice of men is proved by some very correct statistical accounts which have been kindly communicated to me. I find that the average mortality during fifteen years is one hundred men per day, in consequence of sickness or the fire of the enemy; making an annual loss of 36,500 individuals; consequently during these fifteen years since the occupation, France must have lost 547,500 men. The sacrifice of money is thus calculated. Every year five millions of francs for the army, over and above the ordinary pay which the soldiers would receive if they were in France; two millions for the navy; two millions for persons employed in the different departments of civil service, viz.: the administration of the Interior, of Finance, of the Police, of Rivers and Forests, and of the Clergy: and, finally, one million for the secret fund, for presents and losses. All these items form a total of ten millions of francs annually, which multiplied by fifteen for the years of occupation, gives the sum of one hundred and fifty millions. This appears enormous, but is nevertheless below the mark, for the 547,500 deaths must be taken into account. Each of the men who have

perished in Algeria cannot have cost less than two hundred and seventy-four francs. It must have been necessary to prepare stations, with allowances to support them on their march from the interior to the place of embarkation; to convey them and provide for them in vessels often hired from commercial companies; to clothe, and arm them; to nurse them in the hospitals, and leave them their shirts to be buried in. Thus the whole amount is absorbed in a minimum sum assigned to each of the dead, without taking account of the living; from which it may be inferred that the enormous figure of one hundred and fifty millions does not represent one fourth of the real amount."

That France should retain a country which thus exhausts her means—producing in the shape of revenue scarcely half a million of francs, is intelligible, so far as her government is concerned, only on the supposition that an outlet is found there for her restless, her discontented, and her rebels. Better that half a million of troops should perish every fifteen years in Africa than that either republics or military despotisms should be established in France! The extent of the sacrifices demanded for its retention the nation hardly knows. The popular ear is tickled by the announcement of victory after victory—which run no risk of contradiction from an enemy who never publishes despatches. In this species of reporting Marshal Bugeaud is said to be very skillful:—

"His reports savour of the Empire, for they never disclose the real losses of the French, and always exaggerate that of the Arabs. A great nation may well afford to state honestly the number of men lost in a victory. In this respect, the English military bulletins are admirable:—they always tell the real truth."

According to such vouchers, Abd-el-Kader has been slain or taken half-a-dozen, and his armies annihilated fifty, times. But what is the truth?—

"Viewing on the one hand this army of one hundred thousand men, so brave and warlike, and on the other hand the Arab and Moorish population, one cannot withhold from the latter a sentiment of admiration. Enclosed within a narrow circle, under an incessant and active watch, almost destitute of arms, without resources, without means of concentration, they, nevertheless, rise up bravely twice every year. When the Barbary fig and the orange are ripe, the war-cry resounds through the mountains, and the night-fires blaze on the heights of the Atlas: these are the signals for the tribes in the plain. The men mount their horses, fall upon the advanced posts, and pillage and slaughter all the French they can find. Then some of our columns arrive, bury the dead, and should some of the unfortunate Arabs escape into their caves, they are roasted, and this is called a victory. One individual maintains the sacred fire among the Arabs—the Emir, Abd-el-Kader! When a young Marabout of thirty-five, he threw aside his staff, and girding on his yatagan, he uttered the words, 'My brethren, be free!' His voice is powerful, and he is obeyed. At first the French spoke of him derisively. When it was known that he had appeared on any point, they declared themselves happy to have a palpable enemy to deal with. They seemed to sport with him, and to let him escape in their encounters. It was said that the French troops often had opportunities of capturing him, but would not. However, his power grew up insensibly. As the head of religion he has proclaimed a Holy War. The standard which is carried before him was brought from Mecca, and probably if any power were to aid him in his plans, France would soon be nothing in Africa. In the brilliant reports of the Marshal, he is always put to flight; but why is he not pursued? Is it that his horses are more fleet than those of the French? It is pretended he has been defeated, but no such thing. At the head of four regiments of regulars, formed in the European manner, commanded by a French captain of artillery, with the field-pieces carried by camels, and twenty-five thousand Arab horsemen, he is encamped tranquilly on the confines of the Desert, on the other side of the Great Atlas.



There his troops repose until he resolves to commence a new campaign."

France is mistress of just so much of the country as her armies happen to cover—and not an acre more. Every span beyond, the Frenchman is in danger. Our author mentions that, on one occasion, himself and a party (the Bishop of Algiers being one) owed their safety only to the fact of their being mistaken for Englishmen. The international antipathy is not human merely, according to him. "It is a remarkable fact," he says, "that the Arab dog cannot endure the sight of a European, and that a European dog is no less hostile to the Arabs. The animals seem instinctively to share the antipathy existing between the different races to which their masters respectively belong." Such statements will not add to the author's credit with the reader:—neither will the following, which is evidently a picturesque exaggeration:—

"The night was delicious; the clear moon shed her light over the valley, and from the high surrounding hills was reflected the red glare of burning brushwood, to which the Arabs had set fire, with the view of cultivating the ground it covered. The stillness of the night was broken by the crackling of these mountain fires, and the barking of dogs, which, with the shrill squeaking of troops of jackals, formed an alternating chorus. Nevertheless I could easily have slept, but for the numerous insects that swarmed about the tent. The stings of the mosquitos were intolerable. After a little time the dogs and jackals ceased their noise, and silence prevailed. For the space of an hour, not a sound had been heard, when suddenly the dead stillness was broken by a noise which appeared to me like a distant peal of thunder, repeated and prolonged by the mountain echoes. Gradually the noise became louder. The animals sprang from their resting places, and the men, armed with muskets, rushed out of the tents. The oxen grouped themselves together and turned their horns to the enemy; and the dogs were afraid even to bark. Presently the roaring became less frequent and more distant: and we found that we had been saved from the unwelcome visit of a lion, by the light of the burning brushwood on the neighbouring hills."

In the following extract, the lion is an animal infinitely less melodramatic and imposing than in the foregoing:—

"My friend had a visit to pay to M. L., a French gentleman, and I accompanied him. The house was open, and on entering the inner court, we knocked at the door of a saloon; we were requested, by a female voice, to 'come in.' M. R. opened the door; then, with an air of consternation, shut it immediately, and told me there were two lions going about at liberty in the saloon. He had scarcely told me this, when Madame L. herself opened the door, and begged of us to enter, observing that we need be under no alarm, as the lions were perfectly tame. We followed the lady, and as soon as I sat down, the male lion came and laid his head on my knee. As for the lioness, she leaped on the divan beside Madame L., looking at us from time to time, and sometimes giving a growl like an angry cat. These two animals were about seven years old, and were very great pets. Madame L. called away that one who seemed to have taken a liking to me, and I was not sorry to see him withdraw peaceably. We took our departure, carefully avoiding any hasty movements. When I was out of the house, I felt that I could breathe more at my ease. I was amazed to find that a lady could muster courage to trust herself with two such companions."

Every step that we take in these volumes increases our suspicions as to the soundness of the writer's authority. It is not so much that we think he would intentionally deceive us, as that we conceive him to be a man of small judgment and great credulity. Of the following narrative the reader may form what opinion he pleases; but, for ourselves, we shall decline believing that Abd-el-Kader visited the city of Algiers, last November, in the manner described:—

"On the 14th of last November, I went to break-

fast with a young Belgian with whom I had become acquainted. He resided in the upper part of the city of Algiers. On entering my friend's apartment, I found him conversing with an Arab, who was seated smoking his pipe. I could not distinctly see the stranger's features, for his haick fell very much over his forehead. Rice, citrons, and water were served to him, and whilst he was partaking of these refreshments, I had an opportunity of observing his countenance. My friend did not ask him to take wine, which I had known him to offer to Arabs, who would frequently partake of it. The stranger spoke but little, and the few observations he made were delivered in a slow and sententious manner. There was something about him which denoted intellectual superiority. I was then given to understand that he was the Sheikh of Djebel Amon, a tribe which has long been subjected and remained faithful to France. I made no inquiries about this person, though I could not fail to be struck by the dignity of his manner and deportment. After breakfast he took his leave, and departed alone. Two days after this occurrence I again saw my Belgian friend. 'You were very fortunate the other day,' said he. 'The Arab whom you saw, when you breakfasted with me, was no other than the Emir himself. He came the night before as far as Bouffarik. In the morning he rode on an ass from Bouffarik to Algiers, and he entered the city along with a party of country people. To prevent detection, he carried four hens, which he sold in the market-place.' I thought my friend was jesting; but he pledged his word of honour that what he had told me was true."

These extracts are, we think, sufficient to convince our readers that the volume can, as we said at the outset, scarcely be the production of a Frenchman. But this is of little moment. Enough to know that the picture of French mismanagement which it offers is scarcely overcharged; and that it furnishes additional testimony, to those whom it may concern, that the progress of French domination in Africa is little to be apprehended or hoped.

*Personal Recollections of a Ten Months' Residence in Berlin; also, Extracts from a Journal kept in Paris during the Crisis of 1839.*  
By Major Whittingham. Ollivier.

Mrs. Witttetter's exciting friends—the Military—do not always cut as distinguished a figure, when literarily "reviewed," as that lady, and other of their fervent admirers, could desire. The gentleman under notice must be ranked among the "Forcible Feebles." Major Whittingham is all complacency—and self-complacency; but complacency the most sympathetically responsive would be puzzled to find a reply to the questions—"What made him publish his journals?"—"Was it to 'witch the world' with his gallantry?"—was it to dazzle mankind by the brilliancy of his paradoxes?—to excite envy by describing the dances he has danced, and the dinners he has eaten?—or, was it to awaken controversy, by his defence of public executions as salutary to public morals,—or by his recommendation of the universal growth of moustaches as a fashion against which English sobriety doth ill to sneer? His book suggests no other reasons—and discredits all and each of these. Flimsy, conceited, vapid, and inexact,—such are the epithets befitting these "Personal Recollections" and "Extracts." One passage, however, which has amused us, may also amuse our readers,—as affording a peep behind the curtain at the late King of Prussia's "at homes."

"One morning a respectable looking man, who turned out to be a servant out of livery, entered my sitting-room, and informed me 'that the king bid me to theatre, ball, and supper at the palace of the Princess Lignitz, en civile,' (that is, in *my* fit). It is curious that the king's parties were almost always attended in plain clothes; though anywhere else but in his majesty's palace a Prussian officer was never seen in Berlin out of his uniform. When the day

and hour arrived (seven I think was the hour) I drove to the Linden in a carriage, and joining the line of vehicles was duly set down in my turn. On reaching the reception-room, I found one length of it occupied by ladies, and the other by gentlemen,—all standing. Indeed there was not a seat in the room. I joined the dismal black throng. Every gentleman wore a white neckcloth, which has since become so universal in England. After the company had waited some time, the folding doors at the head of the room flew open, and six or seven ladies all of a row, and holding each other by the hand, swept into the apartment. These were the king's daughters-in-law, his nieces, and his lethargic wife, the Princess Lignitz. This fair irruption (!) was followed by the king, and all the male members of the royal family. This was the proper time for presenting the few strangers. An English deputy-lieutenant, who was passing through Berlin, was presented at the same time as myself, first to the king and next to the Princess Lignitz. A few matter-of-course questions,—regular royal questions,—was all that we could expect, and was all that we obtained. The king inquired my regiment, my service, my quarters; but as I was in plain clothes, he made no remark on the number or cut of my buttons. His majesty was tall, but rather stiff, with a large, long, plain, inexpressive face. \* \* After the company had made their bows to their royal host and hostess, we all adjourned to the little theatre-room. There were not either seats or space sufficient for all the guests. I could only get as far as the door. The play in so confined a place was very dull work, with most of the disadvantages and none of the excitement of private theatricals according to our ideas. For the performers there was professional and yet indifferent. Fanny Ellsler, however, by a solo dance, shed a temporary ray of light on the gloomy affair. After the play came the supper, which was a real dinner, and a very good one in its way; and I own that, though I am neither *gourmand* nor *gourmet*, I enjoyed that hour and a half exceedingly. One got into conversation and heard amusing things. None of the corps diplomatique were present at this party. The king only entertains them once a year, and that at a morning party, of the nature of those called by our Gallic neighbours, dancing breakfasts. Moreover, no price of the blood can ask them to his parties more than once a year. This is a sad custom for diplomacy, who generally live in a court atmosphere. Its origin dates from Frederick the Great. It happened one evening at a royal supper given by that prince, and at which the corps diplomatique were present, that in an unguarded moment, when his majesty was *impletus veteris Bacchi*, he allowed a sarcasm to escape him at the expense of the Empress of Russia, whose character was anything but immaculate. A few days later, Frederick received information from his own minister at St. Petersburg, that his unfortunate *bon-mot* had been reported to her imperial majesty, with whom he was then very anxious to remain on amicable terms. The king, naturally disgusted at being thus betrayed in what he considered the privacy of his social hours, declared that none of the corps diplomatique should ever sup with him again. At the next evening party that respectable body were given to understand that his majesty would at supper-time prefer their room to their company; but that they might if they pleased wait in the saloons for the concert which would follow the supper. But like all men of business habits, the corps diplomatique probably looked upon eating and drinking as the *sine qua non* clauses of a social treaty. The rejected and dejected diplomatists were in high dudgeon at being left in the royal saloons, to feast their eyes on gilded walls, while their co-guests had adjourned to more substantial repasts. They, therefore, held counsel together, and decided not to await the return of the company from supper, but to make themselves immediately scarce. They have never, I believe been since invited by a King of Prussia to an evening party. \* \* After supper the company adjourned to the ball-room. The Prussians waltzed divinely. The couples followed each other quite close, and when necessary, in small circles, without ever gaining on, and far less tumbling over, each other, in the way one generally sees the matter

managed a always bea all those s they could the quadri It was alw not even w and there quadrill polka was t time. The pleased, p them, unie royalty. T nera. \* \* ing alone, watching the grave and gazing on t he has duly of the othe I was suffi which I co own quiet l The abo position; I a suspicio done any 26th Cam

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No hap friends of of Dr. Ho scholar a working life to t temporal v Belonging most stre he is abov rights of State as Dr. Hook and, there fairness a nessed fo of discuss Letter to calulated to equibale priately a student D attention of educa errors on "I adm accomplish National credit whi to the Me prejudiced

managed at home. Then the mazourka also was always beautifully performed. The Prussians danced all those sort of dances pre-eminently. But what they could not get through well or gracefully was the quadrille or 'contretanz' of French importation. It was always a *contretanz* to them. They could not even walk through it without looking like sticks; and there were therefore seldom more than two quadrilles danced in the course of a ball. The divine polka was then a thing still hidden in the womb of time. The royal princes danced with whom they pleased, previous engagements giving way before them, unless of course previous engagements to royalty. The princesses also selected their own partners. \* \* As for the king, he might be seen standing alone, hat in hand, near a circle of waltzers; watching them all the time the dance lasted, with the grave and imperturbable countenance of an Asiatic gazing on the performance of dancing girls, for which he has duly paid. The Princess of Lignitz and most of the other princesses danced a great deal. When I was sufficiently tired of witnessing performances which I could not hope to equal, I retired to my own quiet lodgings."

The above, as we have said, may bear transposition; but contains nothing, after all, to raise a suspicion that the prefatory remarks have done any injustice to the gallant officer of the 26th Cameronians.

*On the Means of rendering more Efficient the Education of the People.* By W. F. Hook, D.D. Vicar of Leeds. Murray.

FOR upwards of fifteen years, the *Athenæum* has steadily advocated the necessity of a system of National Education, superintended by the State and subject to the same responsibilities as the other functions of Government. It was with sincere sorrow that we saw this vital question chosen as a battle-field for political party. When passions were kindled, prejudices excited and misrepresentations fostered—when truth and reason were sacrificed to the getting up of "a good cry," we felt that the cause would be best served by waiting until politicians should have exhausted their artifices and partisans have become wearied by their own violence, ere we made any further efforts to press the subject upon public attention. The rage of the tempest has passed; the atmosphere has been cleared by the storm, and the time for both examination and action has arrived.

No happier omen could be offered to the friends of education than the timely advent of Dr. Hook's pamphlet. Distinguished as a scholar and divine, he is still more honoured as a working clergyman, who devotes property and life to the advancement of the spiritual and temporal welfare of those intrusted to his charge. Belonging to that section of the clergy which most strenuously supports ecclesiastical claims, he is above all suspicion of sacrificing any of the rights of the Church when he recognizes the State as the proper educator of the people. Dr. Hook has felt the advantages of his position; and, therefore, moots the question with a fullness, fairness and freedom, such as we have not witnessed for many a long day. The very form of discussion which he has adopted—that of a Letter to the Bishop of St. David's—is well calculated to win favour, since to no one could an equitable plan of education be more appropriately addressed than to the liberal and consistent Dr. Thirlwall. The first point to which attention is directed is the existing deficiency of educational means. Some very common errors on this head are summarily exposed.

"I admit with gratitude the good which has been accomplished through the instrumentality of the National Society. I concede with pleasure the credit which is due to dissenting societies, especially to the Methodists. I demand the praise of all unprejudiced men for the indefatigable zeal in the

cause of education, speaking generally, of the clergy. But, my Lord, when I look upon all that has been done, I ask, what is the result? I must contend that, compared with the educational wants of the country, we have done next to nothing; we have lighted a lantern which only makes us more sensible of the surrounding darkness: we have caused the waters to flow, but what we have effected is but as the jets of a fountain, and not the steady copious stream which is required. I count for nothing the reports of societies. Without intending it, societies are from their constitution braggarts, and the committees are generally too anxious, as advocates, to make the best of their statements, to be very rigid in examining the details upon which they are founded. Reports are drawn up as advertisements; failures are judiciously passed over,—and by that very circumstance the good accomplished is given in an exaggerated and therefore an untrue form."

There are many other objections to the agency of Societies. They soon become identified with religious or political parties; their success is the pride, and their failure the reproach, of their supporters; patrons of schools canvass for pupils, and the influence of power or station is brought to bear on parents. Hence, the Schools of the Kildare-street Society, in Ireland, produced, in some respects, a most injurious effect on the cause of education in that country. It was useless to disclaim the desire for proselytism, or any other sinister motive, when tenants were subject to the penalty of ejection for refusing to send their children to the landlord's schools. Thus, the numbers paraded in the annual Reports were sadly swelled by compulsion; and what appeared to be a return of persons receiving instruction was, in fact, a return of persons imbuing rancorous feelings from persecution. The temptation to make the report a good advertisement is too great for the virtue of most Societies; and has led partisans, both in England and Ireland, to have recourse to means of a very questionable character.

But the statistical returns in question, however large, gave no information respecting the efficiency of the masters or quality of the instruction given to the pupils:—

"To what has now been stated we must add the sad fact, that in the majority of the schools erected by parliamentary assistance, the salaries of the masters barely amount to the level of the wages of a skilful mechanic, even where they are best remunerated; in a much larger proportion of the schools, indeed, the salary of the master is permitted to fall below the wages of a labourer by task-work, and in a third class to those of a day-labourer. There is no provision whatever made for the payment of apprenticed pupil teachers; which, according to an estimate I shall presently lay before your lordship, ought to amount to 623,400*l.*—or, at the very lowest calculation, to 374,985*l.* Instead of apprenticed pupils and trained assistants, we commit the education of the people of England to the wisdom, experience, and discretion of unpaid instructors, in the shape of monitors, whose average age is ten years. The fund for the provision of books and apparatus is, according to the reports of the inspectors, extremely low, and the supply meagre. In many instances the Bible, I regret to say, is desecrated by being used as a mere class book, because Bibles can be purchased cheaply; nor can I here refrain from saying that it is discreditable to the National Society that it has not supplied us with a better class of school books, especially on religious subjects. The blame, perhaps, will be thrown upon the Christian Knowledge Society; but wherever the blame rests, the censure is deserved, for it ought to be one of the first duties of an educational society to select educational works, or to have them composed."

Dr. Hook, it is seen, very justly reprobates the desecration of the Bible by its being used as a mere class-book; but the evil does not rest here. Children acquire the superstitious notion that the mere reading of a chapter in the Bible is a religious act; but, as the

division into chapters and verses was an unauthorized invention of the early printers, for the mere convenience of reference,—so, subjects are not completed in these arbitrary divisions: chapters end in the very middle of an argument or a narrative; and the importance which should only attach to the effect on the mind is attributed to the mechanical act of reading. Such must be the result, when the Bible is degraded to the rank of a mere educational work—for which it was not intended, and is not fitted.

School-houses have to be provided, as well as teachers. The truth of Dr. Hook's vivid description of the annoyances to which a young teacher is subjected, when endeavouring to procure funds for the erection of a school, will be recognized by the clergy and teachers of most of our large towns:—

"Having lamented the inconvenience of the room they have hired for a school, he and the clergyman are found closeted together, devising the best means, from a letter to the Queen Dowager down to the holding of a bazaar, for erecting a building better suited for their purpose. They determine to beg. The principal burden of this begging devolves, of course, upon the clergyman; and no one who has not experienced it, can form an idea of the weariness and painfulness of begging from day to day for districts wholly inhabited by the poor. He is, indeed, sometimes cheered by the kind expressions and liberal donations of the wealthy, and overwhelmed with joy at receiving an anonymous five-pound note. But how often does he meet with a cold repulse from some supercilious Pharisee; who, proud of having contributed a few pounds more than his neighbours in his own immediate neighbourhood, insinuates by his manner that if the poor clergyman had done his duty, he would not have need to ask a stranger for assistance! How often has he to endure the insolence of the purse-proud, and to listen to excuses which serve only to remind him how true to nature Shakespeare was, when he depicted the characters and framed the answers of the friends of Timon. The master, too, is employed in this work; and though he finds himself regarded as one who has no fixed station in society, he very often by his patience and perseverance succeeds wonderfully. They labour incessantly; until at last, by the aid of the National Society, a grant from the Committee of Privy Council, and a liberal donation from Queen Adelaide, the requisite amount is nearly gained. The clergyman then proceeds to build; and guarantees the money that is wanted to complete the work,—which, generally speaking, he has to pay from his private resources. There is no complaint to be made; both clergyman and master feel that they have been labouring in their vocation, and, in labouring for the glory of God, and the welfare of their fellow-creatures, they have been doing God's work, in that station of life, however humble, in which he, by his providence, has placed them. No happier feeling than this can exist,—and the more humble our sphere of action, the more of spiritual comfort attends this blessed conviction. But it is very clear that the energies which are thus exhausted in procuring funds for the erection of the fabric cannot be directed exclusively, as they ought to be, to the moral edification of those in care for whose souls the labour of love was first undertaken. Nor is the anxiety of the master to cease with the completion of the building; upon him, equally with the clergyman, devolves the duty of collecting the subscriptions needful to defray the expenses; and he has always the prospect before him of being reduced to greater want at the very time that his family is increasing, by the defalcation of the pence of the children, upon which, either wholly or in great part, his subsistence is made to depend. From increase of the population, the clergyman, meanwhile, as soon as one school is built, has to commence another; and when all is done, he has the satisfaction of feeling that it is only as a drop in the ocean."

Having quoted the aphorism of the celebrated Bishop Butler, that we degrade the poor



by withholding education, more than we elevate them by affording it. Dr. Hook supplies an important comment from personal experience:

"The truth of this observation of our great metaphysician and divine is, as I have said, at once perceived by the working clergy in manufacturing districts. The class of persons who formerly were accustomed to hide themselves in the deep recesses of a forest, under the leadership of a Robin Hood or a Rob Roy, and who mingled with their outlawry some generosity of feeling and respect for religion, are now to be found in the still more gloomy alleys and back streets of our large towns, where they obtain a precarious livelihood by pilfering and begging; adding to inherited vice the dissipation of cities, and to their natural ferocity a surly infidelity. These are the persons, and such as these, who are ready at a moment's notice for turbulence and mischief. And for the command of these licentious hosts, leaders are provided under the present system of inadequate education. To meet the wants of those who are endowed by nature with energy of character, or who have parents wise enough to perceive the advantages they secure for their offspring by the culture of their minds, there are, as I have observed, a certain number of good schools. And through these, there are among the working classes many intelligent men, unwearied in the pursuit of that knowledge which a cheap literature supplies, gifted with powers of mind which have been cultivated to a considerable extent, and with a natural eloquence, colloquial and provincial, which has a peculiar charm for those whom they aspire to lead, and who, from want of education, can scarcely understand any other mode of address. They are employed, very frequently, as preachers of temperance or sedition, and sometimes of both, though they form a class from whom, under a better system, schoolmasters might be selected. They are qualified for almost any office to which they may be elected, and are regarded by the operatives as the representatives of their order. When trade is bad, their influence for good or evil is unduly great; and if there did not exist suspicion and jealousy among themselves, they would be more dangerous members of society than they are. I know that many of them are men estimable in the relations of private life; but they are dangerous to the community, because they are discontented, not always without cause, and because their influence is too great, and their power unconstitutional. This influence and power they possess because, by the superiority of their education, they are unduly elevated above persons in their own sphere of life, and they can only be brought back to their proper level by making education what it is now very far from being—universal."

We now approach the tender point of the discussion.—What provision should be made for religious instruction, in any system of State education? Dr. Hook frankly declares that this difficulty has been greatly aggravated by the efforts made to evade it:—

"Statesmen, as well as others, will always find that it is the part of sound policy, as well as of honesty, to 'tell the truth and shame the devil.' When a suspicion exists that falsehood lurks at the bottom of a measure proposed for our acceptance, repugnance to it is straightway excited. If the State promises what it is quite clear the State is unable to give, then, because its promises are known to be false, a prejudice is excited against its proposals. It is abundantly clear that the State cannot give a religious education, as the word religion is understood by unsophisticated minds. The assertion that it is desirable that the State should educate, and that its education must be a religious one, which is, as I shall show, in one sense true, must greatly awaken suspicion when the assertion is made by those who are known to have no religion, properly speaking, themselves. It is suspected that an evasion is intended, and that it is meant to keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope. There is an instinct in the religious mind, which excites a suspicion that the principle is enunciated merely to silence opposition; and the question at once occurs to the practical English mind (to which religion is not a

sentiment, but a reality); when you speak of religion, what religion do you intend? The Churchman asks, is education to be based on my religion? if it be, I am ready to sacrifice every thing in order to work with the State. But no; this cannot be; for this would exclude a large and influential portion of the community, the Protestant Dissenters. And then comes the question from the Dissenters; will you base education upon protestantism, or the admission of every species of doctrine and opinion except those which are peculiar to the Church of Rome? This cannot be; because it would lead to the rejection of Roman Catholics. Will you base religion, then, on the Bible, and the Bible only? The difficulty now occurs as to the version to be used, whether the authorised version, the Roman Catholic, or the 'Unitarian' version. What, then, is the religion the Statesman will give us as the basis of education? Upon investigating the subject, we find that a notion prevails among careless people, that religion may be treated as either general or special: special religion is doctrinal, and general religion is some system of morals which, being divested of all doctrine, looks so like no religion at all, that religious persons at once perceive, that when people talk of an education based on such a religion, they seek to deceive themselves as well as us, and utter a falsehood."

But there is a further objection; the system to which Dr. Hook alludes elevated the schoolmaster into a spiritual pastor, and degraded religion into a part of school routine. That the present race of parochial schoolmasters are not qualified to perform clerical functions is obvious; on whom, then, does the right of giving religious instruction devolve? Heretofore, in this discussion, it has been too common to confound the exclusive right with the duty; and it is for this reason that Dr. Hook has been led to examine the claims of the Established Church to be the sole religious educator of the English people. His views may be best developed in his own words:—

"The notion is now exploded which once prevailed, that the Church of England has an exclusive claim to pecuniary support on the ground of its being the Establishment. Those who, like myself, are called High Churchmen, have little or no sympathy with mere Establishmentarians. In what way the Church of England is established, even in this portion of the British empire, it is very difficult to say. Our ancestors endowed the Church, not by legislative enactment, but by the piety of individuals; even royal benefactors acted in their individual, not their corporate, capacity, and their grants have been protected, like property devised to other corporations, by the legislature. At the Conquest, the bishops were, on account of the lands they held, made barons, and invested with the rights as well as the responsibilities of feudal lords. It is as barons, not as bishops, that seats in the House of Lords are held by some of our prelates; not by all, for a portion of our hierarchy eminently distinguished for learning, zeal, and piety, the colonial bishops, are excluded. The Church thus endowed and protected, was once the Church of the whole nation: it was corrupted in the middle ages: it was reformed; and, as the old Catholic Church, reformed, it remains among us to this day, one of the great corporations of the land. But it ceased to be the religion of the whole nation when, many departing from it, a full toleration of all denominations of Christianity was granted. It exists, therefore, now, simply as one of the many corporations of the country, claiming from the State, like every other corporation, protection for its rights and its property. It is a pure fiction to assert that the State, by any act of parliament, has established the Church of England, or any other form of Christianity, to which it is exclusively bound to render pecuniary support, or to afford any other support, than such as every class of her Majesty's subjects have a right to demand. This is proved by the impossibility of producing any act of parliament by which this establishment was ordained. The Church has inherited property, together with certain rights, and it has a claim upon protection, precisely simi-

lar to the claim for protection which may be urged by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London, who are also invested with certain rights and property handed down to them from their predecessors. The Church has no more claim for exclusive pecuniary aid from the State, or for any pecuniary aid at all, than is possessed by any other of those many corporations with which our country abounds. To call upon Parliament to vote any money for the exclusive support of the Church of England, is to call upon Parliament to do what is unjust. The taxes are collected from persons of all religions, and cannot be fairly expended for the exclusive maintenance of one. I may, indeed, in passing, observe, that the outcry is unjust which is sometimes raised against Government for not establishing bishoprics in the Colonies. If the Government is to support our bishops, it is equally bound to support prelates of the Church of Rome, and Presbyterian ministers; and by seeking, therefore, for such support, we should only fare the worse. If the Church has a right to demand protection from the State, the State has an equal right to demand of the Church that, with her ample endowments, she should make provision for her wants without seeking grants from the public funds, which are raised by the taxation of all the people. I think that our Colonial Bishops ought to be supported, not merely by private subscriptions, but by the more wealthy bishops at home: but, be this as it may, we have certainly no right to make a demand for such a purpose upon the State. And if the Church of England claims a right to the exclusive education of the people, it becomes her duty to seek to supply the deficiency of the funds required, by appropriating her property to this purpose."

Having fully recognized the principle, that the Dissenting bodies should co-operate with the Church in affording religious instruction, Dr. Hook next develops his plan for its practical operation:—

"Let this be a principle laid down,—that the State might endow schools in which instruction purely literary or secular should be imparted, with due care to impress upon the minds of the children the fact, that this instruction is not in itself sufficient; but that, to complete the system of education, religious instruction is also secured for them, in accordance with those traditions whether of Church or of Dissent, which they have received from their parents. To effect this object, there should be attached to every school thus established by the State a class-room, in which the clergyman of the parish, or his deputies, might give religious instruction to his people, on the afternoons of every Wednesday and Friday; another class-room being provided for a similar purpose for dissenting ministers. Suppose this to be done, in addition to the requiring of the children an attendance at some Sunday school, and I do not ask whether such an arrangement would be preferred to any other by either party, for each party would prefer having everything in their own way; but I do ask whether there could be any violation of principle on either side? I ask whether, for the sake of a great national object, there might not be a sacrifice, not of principle, but of prejudice on either side? Leaving Dissenters to answer this question as they may think fit, I must address myself, through your Lordship, to Churchmen; and I will demand, in the first place, what we shall lose, looking, not to the dignity of the Establishment, which I regard as a question beneath contempt, but to the propagation of Church principles; that is to say, of what we believe to be pure religion and undefiled before God? As to the opportunities of religious instruction, there would be, in most instances, a positive gain, from the fact that the minds of the children would be better prepared by mental exercise to understand what might be said to them. If we consider what is done now in the way of religious education in National Schools, generally speaking, and if we bear in mind that, owing to the ambition of some of the chief managers of the National Society, which induces them to bring under their influence as many children as possible, the secular instruction is much greater in proportion than the

religious, or arrangement

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"I arrive but beautif jure up cer gate, which Grasmere: will it ever delighted to those who lo shape, about than half rounded by How, Butter —the latter which bear woman," or, others say, extremity is high above Most of the world's exp in the poem from Langd described v another pos the Plague, mere and t says, with truth of des

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religious, we shall find that under the proposed arrangement there will be an actual gain."

This is no new and untried theory; it has been for some years practically tested in the schools under the National Board in Ireland; and the severance of religious teaching from secular instruction has been found to have a most beneficial effect. We have before us the evidence of several active clergymen, who declare that, when examining for Confirmation, they find that those who best comprehend the special doctrines of the Church have been pupils in the schools under the National Board.

Here, at least for the present, we must pause:—the questions of finance and of the local governing body may be best discussed apart from the principle of National Education. We are far from identifying ourselves with all Dr. Hook's views;—but we wish to avoid anything like controversy. He has too many claims on our respect and admiration to allow of our complaining of trifling differences;—and the question, itself, has been too long encumbered by incidental discussions, which not unfrequently led into impertinent digressions.

*The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes; a Summer Ramble.* By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Longman & Co.

THIS is a pleasant, and a pretty book; though rather to be taken Lake-ward as a companion than as a guide. To draw a distinction, in some degree made necessary by the increase of this class of publications, no summer-rambler through any given district can be expected to furnish a more complete *vade-mecum*. It is to the old inhabitant, who knows all the by-paths and brooks, as well as the main passes and great "waters" of the North, that we should look for direction; and thus Mr. Wordsworth's Guide to his own district remains, to our view, unapproached. Let us not, however, be thought to undervalue Dr. Mackay and his ramble—a ramble in the footsteps of the poets. The reader of the following extracts will confess, that he furnishes a "comfortable" gloss on familiar texts:—

"I arrived at Grasmere, with its green and solitary but beautiful island in the middle; and began to conjure up certain recollections of a certain Wishing-gate, which poets had sung of. Lovely is the vale of Grasmere: worthy is it of all its renown—and holy will it ever be in the lays of the bards who have delighted to sing of it, and in the recollections of those who love the bards. The lake is of an oval shape, about a mile in length, and something less than half a mile in breadth. It is completely surrounded by mountains, the chief of which are Silver How, Butterlip How, Seat Sandal, and Helm Crag,—the latter famous for the rugged stones on its top, which bear a fantastic resemblance to an 'aged woman,' or, as some say, to a 'lion couchant,' and, as others say, to a 'lion and a lamb.' At the further extremity is seen the road to Keswick, stretching high above the bare hills, and called the Raise Gap. Most of these hills are mentioned in Mr. Wordsworth's exquisite verses on the 'Naming of Places,' in the poem entitled 'Joanna.' \* \* \* The descent from Langdale into the vale of Grasmere has been described very accurately by Mr. Wordsworth in another poem; and Professor Wilson, in his *City of the Plague*, has also described the Church of Grasmere and the surrounding scenery. The laureate says, with all the graces of poetry, and with much truth of description;—

So we descend, and winding round a rock  
Attained a point that showed the valley, stretched  
In length before us; and not distant far,  
Upon a rising ground a grey church tower,  
Whose battlements were screened by tufted trees,  
And towards a crystal mere, that lay beyond  
Among steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed  
A copious stream with boldly winding course,  
Here traceable, there hidden,—there again  
To sight restored, and glittering in the sun.  
On the stream's bank and everywhere appeared

Fair dwellings, single or in social knots,  
Some scattered o'er the level, others perched  
On the hill side; a cheerful quiet scene,  
Now in its morning purity arrayed.

Professor Wilson's daguerotype is slightly different:—

There is a little church-yard on the side  
Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grasmere lake.  
Most beautiful it is—a vernal spot  
Enclosed with wooded rocks, where a few graves  
Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm;  
Go thither when you will, and that sweet spot  
Is bright with sunshine.

The latter part of this description must of course, in such a climate as that of England, be taken as a mere poetical heightening of the effect which the writer intended to produce, but not strictly true. On my visit, however, it tallied remarkably well; for the sunlight streamed over the simple and beautiful church tower, and lighted up the whole surface of the lake in a blaze of glory. Another poet, of an earlier date, when Grasmere was not visited by the tourist as now, speaks with equal raptures of its charms:—Gray says of it, that 'not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden-wall breaks in upon the repose of this little unexpected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.' The 'happy poverty,' it is to be feared, was as problematical then as it is now; but in other respects his description appears to have been of such a place as his brother bard Wordsworth would wish to have preserved in its pristine state until now. 'It was well for the undisturbed pleasure of Gray,' says the latter, 'that he had no forebodings of the change which was soon to take place; and it might have been hoped that these words, indicating how much the charm of what was depended on what *was not*, would of themselves have preserved franchises of this and other kindred mountain retirements from trespass or (shall I dare say?) would have secured scenes so consecrated from profanation.' For my part I could see no profanation. The vale of Grasmere, if fuller of life than it was in Gray's time, was not, to my mind, the less full of beauty."

We do not remember to have met with any previous account of the Winandermere inscriptions:—

"Our boatman told us that at a short distance on the eastern side of the lake, were some inscriptions on the rocks, which were the greatest curiosities of the place. The guide-book having made no mention of them, we were the more anxious to see what they were, and were rowed ashore accordingly, at a point not far from Lowood Inn. Here we found every smooth surface afforded by the rocks—every slab on the stratified formation,—covered with inscriptions, engraved with much toil, in letters varying from six to twenty or twenty-four inches in height. On one large red stone of at least ten feet square, was engraved '1833. MONEY. LIBERTY. WEALTH. PEACE';—a catalogue of blessings very much to be desired. On another stone was the simple date '1688': expressive enough of the engraver's political sentiments,—and on another in larger characters, 'A SLAVE LANDING ON THE BRITISH STRAND, BECOMES FREE.' All the largest stones and slabs, some of which were horizontal, others vertical, and the rest inclined at various angles, and the whole of them giving evidence that the place had formerly been a quarry,—were covered with inscriptions of a like purport. The following are a few of the most striking. One immense surface of rock bore the following names, which are transcribed in the original order:—'SUN. BULWER. DRYDEN. DAY. BURNS. SCOTT. BURDETT. GARRICK. KEMBLE. GRAY. KEAN. MILTON. HENRY BROUGHAM. JAMES WATT. PROFESSOR WILSON. DR. JENNER.' To which were added the words in characters equally conspicuous, 'THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.' 'MAGNA CHARTA.' This slab was a testimony apparently, of the engraver's admiration of great intellect. One close alongside of it was of a different style, and bore the date '1836,' followed by the words, WILLIAM IV. PRESIDENT JACKSON. LOUIS PHILIPPE. BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES.' Next to that again was a still larger surface of rock on which was indented 'NATIONAL DEBT £800,000,000. O SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN! GEORGE III. AND WILLIAM PITT.' 'MONEY IS THE SINEW OF WAR.'

'FIELD-MARSHAL WELLINGTON. HEROIC ADMIRAL NELSON. CAPTAIN COOK. ADMIRAL RODNEY.' One stone, at least eight feet square, bore but one word in letters a yard long, and that was significant enough—viz. 'STEAM.' On enquiring of the boatman, who it was that had expended so much labour, he pointed out another stone, on which were the words 'John Longmire, Engraver;' and informed us that it was a person of that name, who had spent about six years of his prime in this work—labouring here alone, and in all weathers—and both by night and by day. He took great pleasure in the task; and was, as the boatmen took pains to impress upon us, rather 'dull' at the time. This phrase, as he afterwards explained, implies, in this part of the country, that he was deranged; and I thought, when looking with renewed interest upon these mementos of his ingenuity and perseverance, misapplied though they were, that it was a happy circumstance that an afflicted creature could have found solace under calamity, in a manner so harmless. There was a method in the work, and a sense, too, in the poor man's ideas, which showed that his sympathies were in favour of the moral and intellectual advancement of mankind: and that, amid the last feeble glimmerings of his own reason, he could do honour to those whose intellect had benefited and adorned our age. I could learn no further particulars of him,—our friend, the boatman, not being able to say whether he were dead or alive, or whether his 'dullness' had ever manifested itself in a more disorderly manner than in these inscriptions."

Of course, Lodore is not passed without the quotation of Southey's jingle thereupon:—nor the headland of St. Bees neared, without Wordsworth's singularly-verified legend paying toll. Merry Carlisle calls up a phantasm of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine—Brougham Castle an echo of the Festival Ode. In short, Dr. Mackay is anything rather than a dull or irreverent pilgrim, through a district filled with natural beauty and antique tradition, and made musical by the voice of Poetry!

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Clarence; or, a Tale of Our Own Times.* By Miss Sedgwick.—This must be one of Miss Sedgwick's early works; since a note informs us that it was written previously to the appearance of that most unpalatable of all the American tours,—Captain Basil Hall's. We call attention to the date of 'Clarence'—here republished in a cheap form by the proprietors of *The Parlor Novelist*—that we may "let off" a favourite authoress "easy." The flagrant improbabilities with which this 'Tale of Our Own Times' is filled, could only be excused as productions of a young lady's salad days. Miss Sedgwick has always interwoven into her novels (her smaller tales being clear of such admixture) some thread of romantic and melodramatic excitement which spoils their consistency as works of Art; though, in one point of view, it is agreeable as proving that long habits of school-keeping and moral teaching do not necessarily obliterate those imaginations and fancies which show a woman possessed of a heart as well as a head. Ill as what may be called "sentiment" works, where it has the mastery, in carrying on the business of Life, yet there is no getting from youth to age without some recognition of it in subordination, save on such bald, dreary, joyless conditions as would make our world resemble an union workhouse. But, with every disposition to excuse obvious disproportions and improbabilities in Miss Sedgwick's later or earlier novels, no sympathies for her sex, no indulgence for the whimsies of youth, can enable us to approve of, or to enjoy, this 'Clarence.' It is generally dull, though full of amazing incidents and outrageous combinations. Miss Sedgwick unfolds to us the mysteries of a New York gaming club,—including the fiend-like compact (threadbare with the novelist's use) betwixt victimizer and victim, whereby a daughter's hand is made the price of a father's reputation. The trial consequent on the natural disposition of old Clarence's property is managed with true feminine art,—and this, in such matters, implies imagination rather than experience. In a word, the tale is a poor one—not worth reprinting. It contains, nevertheless, touches

of quaintness and of tenderness which, in some degree, link it to the more excellent and vigorous novels by which Miss Sedgwick's American reputation has become European.

*The Conquest of Scinde.* By Colonel Outram. Vol. I.—This work is controversial, and incomplete;—reasons, when taken together, for not entering into any lengthened examination of its statements at present. Colonel Outram endeavours to show, that the policy which Sir Charles Napier adopted in Scinde was harsh and unjust; that the Ameers were harassed into resistance, and their opposition then punished as rebellion. These are serious charges, which ought not to be lightly hazarded, and on which public writers should suspend their judgment until the defence of the accused is before them. Colonel Outram has certainly made out a *prima facie* case in favour of the Ameers: but he has omitted a very essential matter in the discussion,—the social state of Scinde under their administration. If their government of Scinde was such an intolerable nuisance as it has been described by high authority, we should not greatly lament their removal from that power which they so monstrously abused. If whole districts were desolated and villages laid waste to form hunting grounds for these barbarous lords, interference was not inexcusable. Traders are more welcome than tigers on the banks of the Indus; and we have more regard for the commerce of that river than for the amusements of Ameers who were, in fact, no better than usurers.

*The Debater; a New Theory of the Art of Speaking.* By Frederic Rowton.—It is a fine and true saying of Bacon that reading makes a full man, talking a ready man, and writing an exact man. Now, the tendency of Debating Societies is to encourage readiness, at the expense both of fullness and exactness. So far as experience goes, it proves that an early acquired habit of fluency is adverse to the attainment of the higher qualities of oratory. In the mock debates recommended by Mr. Rowton there is great danger of the mind being led to form a deliberate preference for plausible sophistry, and for appeals rather to the prejudices than to the reason of the audience. The youthful mind is too much disposed to court applause for the manner, rather than win conviction for the matter. Too many of our young men are qualifying themselves to play the "Lion's part" in the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe; adopting it for the reasons given by Quince, when he recommended it to Snug—"You may do it extempore; for it is nothing but roaring." Habits of superficial thinking are so confirmed by our natural indolence and by gratified vanity, that they can hardly be overcome when once formed. On the other hand, as Archbishop Whately has justly observed, in the last edition of his *Rhetoric*—a want of readiness of expression in a man of well-disciplined mind, who has attentively studied his subject, is a fault much more curable by practice, even late in life, than its opposite.

*Hand-book for Travellers in Switzerland and the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont.*—We are disposed to give this third edition of one of Mr. Murray's excellent 'Hand-Books' a separate notice, in consequence of an announcement which is contained under the head of "Swiss Inns,"—and which we conceive to be of great importance to tourists in that country. It is not, probably, generally known by those who have not lately visited Switzerland, that, in 1843, several of the principal hotel-keepers founded a convention, which is very aptly termed "a combination for extorting the largest possible sum of money from travellers." By degrees, other innkeepers, anxious to share the golden profits of their brethren, joined the league; and there is at present scarcely a town or village in Switzerland, where an unfortunate traveller may not fall into the jaws of these extorting and rapacious innkeepers. It is due, however, to the innkeepers at Geneva and Lausanne to state that they have, with one exception (*Hôtel des Bergues*, Geneva), refused to join the confederation. Mr. Murray boldly publishes the names of these hotels; and, for so doing, deserves the thanks of every tourist. As many of our readers may be on the eve of exchanging the smoky atmosphere of "the great city" for the health-inspiring breezes of Helvetia, we feel assured they will not be ungrateful for information which will enable them to travel with greater economy and less danger of ruffled tempers. We should

not omit to add, that a pretty intimate acquaintance with Switzerland enables us to recommend sincerely this new edition of the 'Hand-Book'; which is enriched by extracts from Professor Forbes's excellent work 'On the Alps.'

*Vital Christianity.* By Alexander Vinet, D.D.—Translated, with an Introduction, by the Rev. Robert Turnbull.—Dr. Vinet is one of the most eminent of the French Protestant divines; and is equally distinguished as a profound thinker and eloquent writer. His great work on the Union of Church and State is regarded, on the Continent, as the most powerful appeal in behalf of religious liberty and the voluntary principle which ever issued from the press. In the present work, ably translated by Mr. Turnbull, he has entered largely into a philosophical analysis of the nature of Christian faith; for the purpose of showing that it is not a mere intellectual reception of truth, but a work demanding all the energies of our spiritual and moral natures. Incidentally, he discusses some of the principal points at issue between the Evangelical and Rationalist divines of Switzerland and Germany. He states these points with great fairness; and examines them in a spirit of philosophic candour, which conciliates esteem—even when it does not win assent.

*A Lecture on the Application of Chemistry to the Details of Practical Farming.* By Albert James Bernays.—A well-directed essay to condense the results elicited by the application of chemistry to agriculture.

*Original Familiar Correspondence between Residents in India; including Sketches of Java, &c. &c.*—It is difficult to imagine for whose benefit such a work as this can have been given to the world. The date of these letters is 1811 to 15:—the writer was a gentleman concerned in the indigo trade:—the subjects are Scott's poems, Dallas's novels, the contributors and contributions to 'The Mofussil Magazine,' and other such stimulant and attractive topics. The fatuity of bringing such utter commonplace into "the light of common day" leaves the critic no alternative in his choice of phrases.

*Reports, Minutes and Despatches, on the British Position and Prospects in China.*—These reports, by Mr. R. M. Martin, severely censure the selection of Hong Kong as a commercial station, recommend the retention of Chusan, and condemn, in no measured terms, the whole course of policy pursued towards China since the termination of the war. Personal feeling is, unfortunately, more apparent in the pamphlet than sound judgment or extensive information.

*The Standard Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages, &c.* By Gabriel Surenne.—A book that has reached its fourth edition needs little commendation from us. As far as we can judge from an hour's inspection, it well deserves the success it has obtained. It is accurate, critical, and comprehensive. Not the least of its recommendations is the number of proper names of which it fixes the pronunciation at the foot of every page.

*The London Catalogue of Books published in Great Britain. With their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers' Names, from 1814 to 1846.*—Various alterations have been made in the present edition of this useful publication. The whole is now printed alphabetically, rejecting a classification which is only useful where more fully carried out than the limits of a work like this admit; the christian names of the authors are given; the titles of biographies and memoirs are found, in alphabetical reference, not under the names of the authors, but of the subjects of such biographies and memoirs; translations are alphabetically placed under the names of the foreign authors, not of the translators; and other minor changes have been made to increase the facilities of reference. One particular the publishers have overlooked, which would have added considerably to the value and completeness of their book,—and deserves their consideration in a future edition. We suggest to them to add to the information furnished, in each case, the date of the first publication; by which means not only would a complete serial view of the literature of the period be obtained,—but, in the individual case, the student would be enabled to refer readily to the reviews of the time, for an account of the character of any volume and the nature of its contents.

New Editions of the following works have been likewise laid on our table, since our last notice:—*Dr. Jackson's View of the Formation, Discipline, and Economy of Armies*—*Sharpe's History of Egypt—Lane's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, (by Nattali, and also by Knight for his 'Weekly Volume')—*MacFarlane's Popular Customs, Sports, and Recollections of the South of Italy*, collected from the 'Penny Magazine'—*Mr. Thorpe's Analeto Anglo-Saxonica*—*Silvio Pellico's Le Mie Prigioni*—*The late Mr. J. Wilson's Silent Love*—*Mr. Cook's translation of Michelet and Quinet's Jesuits—Dissection of Teetotalism*. By Democritus—*Dr. Allen's Constructive Exercises*. Revised and enlarged by J. Robson—*Bloxam's Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture*.—Mr. Bentley has commenced a series of 'Modern Literature' (copyright editions), beginning with a collective edition of *Walpole's Letters*, with Portraits; and has added to his 'Standard Novels' *Miss Mitford's Belford Regis*.—Mr. Bohn has begun a supplementary series, which he calls his 'Extra Volume'—to include such works as would not harmonize with the more serious tone of those reprinted in the 'Standard Library'—with *Count Grammont's Memoirs*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Willard (Emma) on the Circulation of the Blood, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

#### THE LORD MAYOR'S DINNER TO THE LIBRARY AND LEARNED BODIES.

July 13.

This remarkable fête will, I think, warrant a few observations on the manner in which, as the saying is, it "went off." I came away with less of mental than of bodily satisfaction;—but this was, certainly, not the Lord Mayor's fault.

And first, as to the host and his dinner. The Lord Mayor appeared quite in his element; and his commonplaces were better than the common-places of his guests. The few words in which he returned thanks,—to the purport that he had made some inquiry as to the time which would be most convenient for the scientific bodies, and that he hoped his example would be followed by succeeding Mayors—were so appropriately said, that I remember nothing but the purport. If he had only hammered at one single word, I should have remembered it.

As to the dinner, persons very often describe such a thing by saying that they would never desire to see

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a better. I do not say this; I should very much like to see a better dinner, if I could. Higher considerations apart, curiosity alone would make me wish to see what a better dinner might be,—supposing such a thing possible.

Almost all the speaking, after dinner, was as flat as flat could be. The practice of this country is to put forward political personages into prominent scientific places; and, to be sure, the practice told its own story eminently well upon this occasion. Four estimable gentlemen, Lord Northampton, Lord Colchester, Mr. Goulburn, and Sir Harry Inglis, were among the first and foremost representatives of philosophy and literature.

In my own mind, I put to each of them, as he rose, the question—"Hast any philosophy in thee, Shepherd?" And the answer I virtually received from each was "Why, no; but I have got what will do just as well—after champagne." Certainly, the Bishop of Norwich returning thanks for the Church, the Chevalier Bunsen for the ambassadors, Mr. Gleig for literature, Sir John Herschel for astronomy, Dr. Buckland for geology, Professor Sedgwick for the professors present, Dr. Paris for the medical colleges, and Sir John Burgoyne for the army, were more in their places.

When I publish my great work, to be called "Nothing Particular,—or, a Dictionary of After-Dinnerisms," I intend to insist upon a certain quality which I shall designate the *Tact of common-place*. The Bishop of Norwich will read this chapter with profit. He told the meeting that "he was sure the Church, as long as it did its duty, would meet with the support and esteem of every respectable Englishman." A newspaper version, drawn up by a reporter who has more of that tact than the Bishop, makes it—"the confidence and esteem of every respectable man who boasts the name of Christian." But I am sure of the words I have put in italics. Now, no doubt a Church which does its duty is entitled to the confidence and esteem of every Christian: but *support* is another thing. An Englishman may be perfectly respectable (I am quite sure the Bishop does not attach notions of carriages and men-servants to that word), and may yet be unable to support the Church, from a conviction (right or wrong) that its connexion with the State is part and parcel of something else than Christianity. Nobody knows this better than Dr. Stanley,—nobody shows better that he knows it. He only stuck in the wrong commonplace for a mixed meeting.

Professor Sedgwick, too, may read my chapter; though there is less of commonplace in his speaking than usual. He made me smile by saying something about that dinner introducing the philosophers then and there present to the higher orders of society. Why, they came there to meet the Lord Mayor and citizens,—and to do homage to Commerce and Trade! The members of the "higher orders" then "in their eye" were their own presidents, &c.

But the thing which struck me most was the total absence of an idea which would have given twofold interest to the meeting. When two friends meet, after a long separation, the first thing they do is to recur to old times. But here not one man made the slightest allusion to the intimate relation which existed between the Trade and Science of England in former days. When Horrocks, the most remarkable Englishman among the predecessors of Newton as to lunar astronomy, was beginning his career, and could not find in Cambridge either books, teachers, or advisers, he had recourse to the men of Gresham College. The first book written on algebra in England was dedicated to the Company of Merchant Venturers to Moscow. The first English translation of Euclid was the work of a man who afterwards was Lord Mayor. Nor is this much to be wondered at, in an age in which it was not at all uncommon for a young man to receive his education at Oxford—then the great English school of science—before being bound to a trade in London. These are the first fruits of my memory on the point: were I to search, I should find hundreds of facts corroborative of my assertion that the union of which I have spoken was close and cordial, until the religious dissensions of the seventeenth century separated the Universities from the commercial bodies.

Sir R. I. Murchison gave the Lord Mayor a public invitation to the Meeting of the British Association in September. I hope the invitation will be accepted:

—if so, I trust this theory of the new invented intimacy between Trade and Science will give place to true history. And something may be said, on the other hand, of the benefits which Commerce has done to Science. It was the East India Company who gave the most direct encouragement to Wright, who invented the seaman's chart. When Maskelyne wanted to establish the Nautical Almanack, it was from merchant seamen that he procured almost all his evidence of the efficiency of the lunar mode of finding longitude,—on which the whole question turned. Of Gresham and his college I can only say that it is a living illustration of all I have asserted:—it flourished while the union I have alluded to continued; it declined with the circumstances which separated the commercial from the scientific world;—and it is, I hope, beginning to show signs of returning vigour.

A GUEST.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Caudefec, Dept. de la Seine Inférieure, July.

Everybody who has gone up or down the noble Seine between Rouen and Havre, must have been struck with the beautiful church, and the *quai* shaded by rows of lofty trimmed elms, of Caudefec; but few people, as it seems, have carried their admiration of its aspect so far as to make an express visit to it.

Yet, I assure you, it rewards much more trouble than the journey from Paris hither costs. Four hours bring you from the Rue St. Lazare to Rouen; where you find either the Havre steam-boat, or, if you arrive, as we did, too late for that, one or more of the little diligences with which Normandy abounds, bring you to the best, though humble, hotel of Caudefec. I ought to beg people who like to travel either "with comfort" or "in style," not to take the trouble to read any itinerary of mine; I shall infallibly lead them into all the discomfort of village life, and the disgrace of the humblest conveyances and the lowest company. So it was that, the *coupé* being full, we had for our companions in the *intérieur* three women,—one a peasant of St. Gertrude (*vide* Murray), the other two *petites bourgeoises*. They were, to all appearance, what are called equals, and were certainly acquaintances. Well, we talk of breeding. Two were as vulgar in appearance as it consorts with our notions of their class to be;—the other had a distinction in her face, air, manner of speaking, in the very turn of her head and movement of her lips, that how many a fine lady might try in vain to acquire! She said little,—and that very simply,—but enough to make me ponder on the mysterious gift of dignity and elegance which Nature allots to some of her humblest children. I am inclined to think one might find it not unfrequently among so finely organized a people as the Normands; just as it is wonderfully common among the parts of Cornwall most noted for personal beauty. People who write about Art would do well to think a little more about the prerogatives of fine races,—and how much the æsthetic feeling is, both from organization and from habitual sight, dependent on the physical qualities of a people.

The drive from Rouen to Caudefec is extremely lovely. From the time you get to the top of the high hill of Canteleu, whence you look back on the noble city and the windings of the Seine (now covered, as I never before saw it, with merchant vessels), you have always some interesting object in sight,—especially the stately Abbey of Jumièges. The road is in great part skirted with forest, and commands the Valley of the Seine. The aspect of the country is very English; which is easily accounted for by similarity of climate and a similar distribution of the land. Here—and, I believe, here alone in France—are large properties—at least, what pass for large by comparison with other parts. The land is let to farmers—*cultivateurs*, as they are called—and the lowest class are hired labourers, *garçons de ferme*. They get about 300 francs a year, when they are lodged and fed in the house,—which is still not unusual here: out-of-door labourers, 30 sous a day—a little more or less, *selon*—more, of course, in harvest. These seem better wages than our labourers receive; but, from what I hear, their condition is very much the same. They rarely have a garden, or any other resource than their wages. Formerly, they were all cotton-weavers in winter;—but the factories have put an end to this.

Whatever there may be of good or evil in this system, economically speaking, it is unquestionable that the advantage to the aspect of a country is immense; and it is consoling to be told that the advantage to agriculture is hardly less. Nothing can make an expanse of shreds and patches tolerable to the eye. It is the most *désolant* sort of country to travel through, or to look at, that I have ever seen or can conceive. Here, you have the fine sweeps of corn or grass, bordered with hedges or studded with trees, that our eyes feed on in England. Here, too, you have *homesteads*—exquisite combinations of prose and poetry—instead of the straight and bare and dirty village, the worst sort of street, in which the peasants of all the rest of France congregate for dwelling. The pretty homesteads, a few miles from hence, inland, were pointed out to me with just pride by an inhabitant of the country,—as also the fine cattle and the good farming. It is said to be the richest part of the rich *pays de Caen*. The crops are most bountiful. "*Il y a énormément de fourrages*." The wheat looked fit for Ceres' crown; and the rye was cut, and the huge waggons were staggering home with their loads. The only important failure is in the apple crop. I said to the peasant-gentlewoman, or gentlewoman-peasant, above mentioned,—"*Je ne vois guère de pommes, Madame?*"—"Madame, il n'y en a point."—"Eh—mais qu'est-ce que l'on boira?"—"On boira de l'eau, Madame."—"I shook my head and said, 'C'est triste. Est-ce que l'on ne fait pas de bière dans ce pays-ci?'"—"On en fait, mais on n'a pas l'habitude de la boire."

*L'habitude*—to the peasant, all the world over, the law and the prophets,—to the French peasant still more than to any other! Those who calculate eclipses and the revolutions of the planets, may try to compute how many centuries it will take to introduce any notable changes in their habits or modes of culture. Energetic, inventive people think they have said all when they have demonstrated that such and such a deviation is for their interest. *Pas du tout*. The whole country about is studded with tempting-looking houses or cottages, in the loveliest situations; they are inhabited by people who will chaffer half a day for a liard. But ask if they will let two or three rooms, which they do not want,—"*Non, on n'a pas l'habitude*."

You seek lodgings at some *Bains de mer*,—some little town, crowded with all the second-rate finery of Paris. At length you find a dwelling—you want to eat. You ask for the *paulet*, which is supposed to be unfailing,—no such thing: on Saturday, *au marché*. Well, fish? The noble Seine washes your garden wall, and the crystal Caudefec runs through the Valley of St. Gertrude. You are promised fish on Friday. But it is Tuesday! "*Que faire? On n'a pas l'habitude*." No innovating peasant-woman will, even in this weather, bring a pound of butter to the town except on a Saturday. Yet it is not denied that there are people enough who would be glad to buy,—and that the inconvenience, in summer, is great.

I promise myself great amusement in the market on Saturday. To watch a whole population of *rusés Normands*, haggling with the perseverance and dexterity for which they are so famous, must be curious enough.

The French of the lower classes have sometimes wonderful touches of tenderness and refinement. I have just been talking with an old village mason, who came in to work. He told me, in few words, his history. The first chapter of it was the inevitable one. He had served in the armies of the Emperor; and he spoke of him with the disgust and resentment which I have so frequently found in men of his age and class. "We were three brothers," he said, "and two of us were killed. That was a sample of every family. *C'était une vraie boucherie*." He lost his wife nineteen years ago,—and has lost four daughters and three sons, since.—"*J'ai deux lieues à faire, le soir; et quand j'arrive il me faut faire la soupe moi-même*." In how few words is the whole forlorn life described! He has two sons left: one just returned from Algiers, having served his time there. He makes no complaints. "*C'est un pays comme un autre, on y souffre, mais il faut faire son devoir partout*." The other is just "drawn," as we say, "for a soldier,"—and is in Lorraine. "*Il s'ennuie. Il ne peut pas s'habituer. Il m'écrit,*



'Quand je pense que je t'ai laissé seul après m'avoir élevé pendant dix-neuf ans, sans mère,' &c.—This is nearly the whole of our conversation: but a volume would not more vividly and beautifully paint the two brothers. One could almost describe their countenances. The poor lad who wrote that touch of almost womanly tenderness and delicacy, must indeed *s'ennuyer* in a barrack. In spite of his moving history, I could not detect a single line or shade of melancholy in the old man.—Aged, poor, weary, and bereaved, he seemed as gay and light-hearted as his countrymen used to be,—or to be thought. Certainly, the faces one looks on in Paris are far enough from corresponding with that ideal.

The church, here, is one of the most beautiful in this country,—so rich in architectural beauty. It contains some of the finest painted glass I ever saw;—not bits and scraps closely put together, but fine votive windows telling their whole pious history in characters of ruby and sapphire—truly "storied windows, richly dight."

The sculpture about the church is very rich and graceful. The side porches of the magnificent west front are banded back with a singular elegance. I am told that this church has one of those enthusiastic devotees who are generally to be found attached to cathedrals. So far from thinking this remarkable, I can imagine nothing more fitted to inspire a passion than a noble Gothic church, clothed, inside and out, with all that the imagination of man could devise to embellish religion—to make present and visible the most beautiful and sublime of all conceptions. Joined to the veneration inspired by its purpose, is that inspired by antiquity,—and by the tender solicitude with which every trace of "Time's effacing fingers" must be followed over so much irreplaceable beauty. The *lover* of Candebe Church is said to devote to its conservation all his spare money, and his incessant watchfulness.—He has all my sympathy, respect and good wishes.

Mr. Murray tells you that the church of St. Gertrude has been recently repaired by its parish. And how? "Ces braves gens se sont saignés à blanc,"—said a gentleman of the neighbourhood who came generously to their aid—"pour restorer leur église." It was a ruin; and these villagers contributed, not only their money, but the labour of their hands, till it was perfectly restored. And now, it is the pride and joy of their hearts. I have not, yet, had time to visit it; but its situation on the slope of the fine wooded hills overlooking the lovely valley, with its bright gushing brook and pleasant mills, I have seen with delight.

P.S. To-day we have spring tides; and the vessels are sweeping past my window in proud and graceful troops, with all their wings expanded. If the Seine has not (as what has?) the overwhelming maritime grandeur of the "hardworking Thames," (as a young friend prettily called it) at Greenwich, it has, on the other hand, a vast superiority in the beauty of its shores.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It will be as well to remind our readers that the Annual Meeting of the Archaeological Institute commences at York on Tuesday next, the 21st inst.:—that the Archbishop of York is the Patron, and Earl Fitzwilliam the President of the Meeting. By a special arrangement made for their benefit, members, with cards of admission, may obtain, at the Railway office, first-class return tickets, available for ten days, for 3*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, and second-class return tickets for 2*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* The Reception-room is at the Guildhall,—where members are requested to present their tickets for counter-signature. The programme, as at present settled, is as follows:—

**Tuesday.** General Meeting in the Concert Room, at 12. Sectional Meetings, at 3. Lord Mayor's Soiree.

**Wednesday.** Professor Willis's Paper, at 11. Visit, in the afternoon, to the Minister—three Museum—and Local Antiquities. General Meeting, at 8.

**Thursday.** Excursions. Excavations at Aldborough. Beverley. Fountains. Skelton Church. Sectional Meetings.

**Friday.** Excursion to Rievux and shorter excursions. General Meeting, at 8.

**Saturday.** Sectional Meetings, at 11 and 3. Public Dinner, at half-past 6.

**Monday.** Sectional Meetings at 10. General Meeting, at 2.

Lord Feversham will entertain the Members at Duncombe Park, and Mr. Lawson at the Roman City of Isurium. We may add, that a useful body of architectural notes on York and Yorkshire is already in print, for the use of the Members.

The Irish papers have announced the death of Sir Aubrey de Vere—known in the literary world as the author of several volumes of poetry, dramatic and miscellaneous.

The opening of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat, erected at Abbot's Langley, in Hertfordshire, is fixed to take place on Tuesday next—Sir E. L. Bulwer-Lytton presiding, on the occasion. A special train is retained for the visitors; which will leave the Euston-square Terminus at a quarter-past 11 o'clock, and return from King's Langley at half-past 6 in the evening.

As we were the first to announce to the public the conclusion of a copyright treaty with Prussia, we will lay, shortly, before our readers the principal clauses of that treaty.—The right of the publisher is to be the same in the two States—but a declaration must be made in the foreign country, to secure it. Dramatic works are included in this disposition.

—Article 4 reduces the duty on the importation of Prussian books. All books are to be marked with a stamp, for recognition at the Custom Houses. The contracting parties reserve to themselves the right of excluding works contrary to good morals.—Article 7 engages to the introduction of this stipulation into any treaties which may be concluded with other States.

—By Article 8, it is provided, that the German States of the Customs' Union may adhere to the treaty.—Article 9 fixes that the treaty shall take effect from the 1st September next, for five years,—and continue, afterwards, tacitly in force till dissolved by a twelve-month's notice.—A copy of every work declared is to be delivered to the corporation of booksellers in London, and the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs at Berlin.

A weekly paper mentions that Sir Robert Peel, before quitting office, conferred a pension of 100*l.* a-year on the Quaker-poet, Bernard Barton.

M. Reinaud, of the French Institute, Conservator in the Manuscript Department of the Bibliothèque Royale, has addressed a report to the directors of that establishment, announcing his having completed a catalogue of the supplement of the Arabian manuscripts collected there. This supplement comprises all the volumes which have been added since 1739—including the collections of the ancient church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés and of the Oratoire, that of the Sorbonne and that of Asselin. The extent and necessity of this work may be estimated by the statement that, while the old catalogue registered only 1640 volumes,—this supplement contains 1960 articles, including upwards of 2000 volumes.

The collection of Chinese objects brought home by the French mission—amounting in number to 400—is exhibiting to the public, at the Ministry of Commerce.

The founder of Chemistry, Lavoisier, was, as our readers know, snatched away, by a violent and premature death, ere he had found time to collect and arrange his works. In 1843, the Minister of Public Instruction consulted the Academy of Sciences as to what works of that philosopher should be included in a national publication; and a committee was appointed to examine, and report, on the matter. This committee has now made its report; and recommends that the Chamber of Deputies be asked for a sum of from 40,000 to 60,000 francs for the purposes of the publication according to its suggestions. It is only with the view of giving a national character to this edition of Lavoisier, as the Committee observe, that they apply to the State for its cost; for a member of the illustrious chemist's own family would gladly take upon himself the entire expense, and renounces his right to do so only because of the greater glory redounding to Lavoisier from the sponsorship of the Government.

Letters from Naples announce that Vesuvius is in full eruption—throwing out masses of lava, and making the night magnificent with its spectacle.

The *Voice of Jacob*, an Anglo-Jewish periodical, announces a loss which the cause of Hebrew litera-

ture has sustained, at Hamburg, in the sudden death of Heyman Joseph Michael, a celebrated collector of works relating thereto. Dr. Isler, of that city, says the paper in question, "afraid lest his magnificent library should be lost to Germany, even as that of the celebrated Oppenheim (now in Oxford) was lost, has issued an appeal to his Jewish townsmen, upon them to preserve this treasure to their city."

From Frankfort, we see it stated that the different tradesmen of that city have formed themselves into a society, who, on their own account, and for their own benefit, have established a show of their products. They are a branch of the Society for the Improvement of the Working Classes,—which we have already brought under the notice of our readers.—It is worth mentioning, as another remarkable sign of the times, that the Sultan has created a Ministry of Public Instruction in Constantinople.

There is in Generosity a good, beyond itself—a spirit of contagion in nobleness of action. Our readers will remember our announcement, sometime since, that the Hungarian nobles had made a voluntary renunciation of their hereditary exemption from the taxes which their immunity caused to fall with crushing weight upon those with whom, if any, immunity should have begun. The nobles assembled in Bohemian diet have just imitated this worthy example of self-abnegation—taxing themselves, on the express condition that their subsidy shall go to reduce the burthen falling on the peasants.

The honours paid to the memory of Leibnitz, on the occasion of the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth, have not been confined to his native town, Leipsic. In that city, however, we must not omit to mention, the King of Saxony contributed to the celebrations the important one of the creation of a Royal Academy of Sciences. It is divided into two classes; the first including Natural Philosophy and the Mathematics—the second, History and Philology. Each class is to have twenty-five national members—residing either in the kingdom of Saxony or in the Saxon countries of the Ernestine line,—and a certain number of foreign associates and corresponding members. On the first occasion, the native members are, as in the Vienna Institution, to be named by the King—but after-vacancies will be filled up, in each class, by its own election. The Academy is to hold two public meetings yearly—one on the King's birthday, the other on that of Leibnitz. When these come too close together, the second public sitting is to be held on the 14th of November, the anniversary of the philosopher's death.—At Hanover, where Leibnitz died, the occasion of the recent anniversary was marked by the opening to the public, for the first time, of the Chamber of Leibnitz, at the Royal Library. This room contains a crowd of objects which belonged to that philosopher—including many of his manuscripts, published and unpublished—his journal of the year 1696—his correspondence with the Duke of Hesse—the fauteuil in which he sat, and the book which he was reading, when struck by death. This book is the first volume of the works of Argensais de Barleai,—Amsterdam edition. M. Ecard, the pupil and friend of Leibnitz, has written in it, in Latin, the following note:—"The illustrious Leibnitz had in his hand, and was reading, this book, when, in the year 1716, the 14th day of November, an unexpected death overtook him. Witness, George Ecard."—The house in which Leibnitz lived, at Hanover, has been purchased by the Government,—and is to be called the *Leibnitz Museum*. There, will be deposited all that can, in future, be collected relating to the deceased philosopher.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

**Last Week.**  
Notice is hereby given, that the EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY will continue OPEN until SATURDAY NEXT, the 20th inst. when it will FINALLY CLOSE.

Admission, (Every Day, from Eight o'clock till Seven) 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

Exhibitors are requested to send for their WORKS on WEDNESDAY, the 20th, or THURSDAY the 21st inst.

**MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.**  
DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE of ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) and the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by the late Cavalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures.—Saloon, 1*s.*; Stalls, 2*s.* as heretofore.

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THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.  
THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, NOW OPEN, at  
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SATURDAY NEXT, the 25th inst.—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A New and In-  
teresting LECTURE, by Dr. RYAN, on the PHENOMENA and  
EFFECTS OF HEAT and COLD, at Half-past 3 daily, and on  
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of the Sisters of DISOLVING VIEWS, by Mr. Charles Smith, in  
the Series of DISOLVING VIEWS just introduced.—Admis-  
sion, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

## SOCIETIES

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—June 12.—Capt. W. H.  
Smith, R.N., President, in the chair.

Mr. Hind read a letter from Prof. Schumacher,  
which says, "The King of Denmark has offered the  
Comet Medal (20 Dutch ducats in gold) for the best  
discussion of Tycho's observations of the Comet of  
1585. Prof. Gauss is appointed judge. The papers  
must be sent to me before July 1st, 1847, without  
name, distinguished by a motto only, and the name  
of the author in a sealed paper, inscribed with the  
same motto. You will find in No. 533 of the *Astro-  
nometische Nachrichten* all the information which can  
be required."

Elements of De Vico's Fourth Comet, from M.  
Rumker's Observations. By H. Breen, jun. Esq.  
Observations on Brorsen's Second Comet.  
Elements of Brorsen's Second Comet.

Elliptic Elements of the same; with Ephemeris.  
By M. Wichmann, of Königsberg.  
Occultation of Mars by the Moon on Feb. 1, 1846.  
By W. Luff, Esq.

The Astronomer Royal gave an account of the  
measurement of an arc of longitude between Green-  
wich and the Island of Valentia, on the south-west  
coast of Ireland. He began by stating that he had  
for many years intended to determine this arc of  
longitude, since such measurements are highly im-  
portant in the investigation of the figure of the earth;  
and the configuration of the British Islands renders  
them peculiarly favourable for the purpose. The  
difference between the easternmost point of England  
and the westernmost point of Ireland is nearly  
12° 12' in longitude;—and, what is important, this  
greatest extent lies nearly in an arc of parallel.  
There is some room for choice as to the station on  
the west coast of Ireland; but, after a careful in-  
spection, the Astronomer Royal selected a point in  
the Island of Valentia as the most appropriate. This  
point is a station in the trigonometrical survey, and,  
from the features of the country, apparently less  
liable to local disturbance than any other. It is in  
the vicinity of a harbour, which is now tolerably fre-  
quented, and may become more so; and is nearly in  
the parallel of Harwich, itself also a seaport of im-  
portance. At present, that portion of the arc which  
lies between Valentia and Greenwich has been mea-  
sured; the remainder of the operation is delayed  
until the completion of railroad communication with  
Harwich.—Having selected Valentia as the western  
extremity, the first consideration was whether the  
longitude should be determined directly or by  
means of an intermediate point. Finally it was re-  
solved that an intermediate station should be made  
at Kingstown, near Dublin;—and for these reasons:  
that a smaller number of confidential persons would  
thus be required; that the links being less numerous,  
less risk of irregularity would be run, and with less  
consequent derangement; that a new and important  
point, Kingstown harbour, would be fixed (which is  
besides a point of easy junction with the Dublin  
Observatory); and finally, that from the nature of  
chronometrical changes, the chance of error in twenty-  
four hours is smaller than half the error in forty-  
eight hours. It was fully intended, however, that  
the same observer should remain during both mea-  
surements at Kingstown, by which the uncertainty of  
an additional personal equation would be avoided.—  
Before this point was agreed upon, the line from  
Greenwich to Bristol by rail, to Cork by steamboat,  
and from Cork to Valentia by mail or car, had been  
considered and abandoned; as well as another scheme,  
—that of sending the chronometers all the way from

Bristol to Valentia by sea.—The operation of mea-  
suring an arc of longitude, *chronometrically*, consists,  
it is known, in these steps: the time is accurately  
determined at one end of the arc, Greenwich for  
instance,—and the chronometers are carefully com-  
pared with the transit clock; hence the error of these  
chronometers on the meridian of Greenwich is  
known. These chronometers being carried to King-  
stown, are then compared with a clock which is care-  
fully rated by a transit instrument; thus the error  
of the chronometers on the meridian of Kingstown  
is known: but their error on Greenwich is also known  
if the rate be known, and the longitude is the dif-  
ference of these two errors.—It is well understood,  
by persons acquainted with the principles of mecha-  
nics, that the great difficulty in carrying chrono-  
meters without altering their going, lies chiefly in  
preventing a rotatory motion in the plane of the  
balance. It is believed that box-chronometers are more  
susceptible of injury by carriage than pocket watches,  
and it is certain they take up more room. The Astro-  
nomer Royal, on the whole, concluded to use pocket  
chronometers, and borrowed thirty from different  
quarters. These were carefully packed in two cases,  
divided each into fifteen compartments, with springs  
under each chronometer, pressing it upwards, firmly  
but gently, against a padded lid. The sides and tops  
of each case were well wadded outside to protect  
them from any violence or jar. A number of boxes  
were then made, each of which would just hold the  
two cases placed one above the other; and to every  
railway-carriage, steam-boat, or mail-coach, which  
did or could run along the line during the experi-  
ment, one of these boxes was screwed down, and a  
key was given to each confidential person employed.  
The course was this: The first assistant of the Royal  
Observatory, Mr. Main, compared each watch by  
coincidences with the Greenwich transit-clock; the  
cases were then put into a box and transported in  
an easy carriage, in the care of one of the assistants  
of the Royal Observatory, avoiding the pavement as  
much as possible, to the Euston Square Station,—  
when the cases were transferred by him to the box  
already attached to the imperial of the mail. On  
the arrival of the mail at Liverpool, Mr. Hartnup  
was in waiting with a box and carriage; with which  
he transferred the cases to a box already fixed on  
board the steamer belonging to the City of Dublin  
Steam Packet Company. Mr. Sheepshanks, who  
had undertaken to make the transit observations and  
to compare the chronometers at Kingstown, was in  
readiness to take the chronometers when the steamer  
arrived; and it was his business to wind up the chro-  
nometers, compare them, and return them by steamer  
that evening. Mr. Hartnup again conveyed the  
cases, with the same precaution as before, to the  
morning mail at Liverpool, and they were received  
at Euston Square and taken back to Greenwich by  
one of the assistants, where they were compared by  
Mr. Main. Thus the chronometers which left Green-  
wich on the morning of the 1st, were brought back  
on the evening of the 3rd, and were again despatched  
on the morning of the 4th. The two comparisons  
of the morning of the 1st and the evening of the  
3rd, give a rate for each chronometer, for the whole  
interval, which is pretty nearly, though not exactly,  
halved by the comparison at Kingstown. Again,  
the errors at Kingstown on the second and fifth days  
furnish a rate which will generally differ somewhat  
from the rate obtained by the Greenwich observa-  
tions. Also, it was found, that, notwithstanding all  
the precautions used, there is a difference of rate in  
the same chronometer according as it is travelling or  
at rest; and the error on Greenwich time at the time  
of the Kingstown comparison, was calculated with a  
reference to this difference.—A small observatory had  
been erected at Kingstown. The building was chiefly  
remarkable from having the slit along the ridge of the  
building, instead of across it; a construction already  
adopted by the Astronomer Royal for the temporary  
observatory used by M. Struve in determining the arc  
between Greenwich and Pulkowa,—and which is both  
compact and convenient. A solid pier was carried  
up from the rock about thirty inches above the floor,  
and covered by a thick slab of stone. The stone  
piers, truncated cones, so heavy as to be moved by  
one man with difficulty, were cemented on the slab,  
and a 31 foot transit was placed upon them. A rail  
round the pier enabled the observer to support himself

conveniently while observing any star up to 50° or 55°  
altitude; and by a contrivance the observer could com-  
mand any star without employing a diagonal eye-piece.  
A transit clock was fixed in an angle of the building;  
and, on the whole, it may be said, the means of  
getting the time were nearly, if not quite, as accu-  
rate as those of a first-rate observatory.—The first  
method of observing, as proposed by Mr. Sheep-  
shanks,—and, indeed, necessarily practised for some  
time—was to observe in *one position of the instrument*  
several stars, and at least one star near the pole, to  
apply the level at least four times, to *reverse the in-  
strument*, to apply the level as before, and then to  
observe a circumpolar star, and as many equatorial  
stars as were considered necessary. The error of  
collimation to be used in the reductions is that which  
gives the same clock error (allowing for rate) to each  
set. There are, however, considerable objections to  
this method, especially in uncertain weather; and at  
the request of the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Sheepshanks  
set up a north collimating mark, which fortunately  
the situation allowed. A block of stone was cemented  
on the wall of the northern pier of Kingstown harbour,  
and on this block was again cemented a piece of  
black marble, with the edge bevelled upwards at an  
angle of 45°. A round disc of white marble, nicely  
let into the black marble, made a very good mark;  
and though the distance (two-thirds of a mile) was  
rather too close, yet a moderate limitation of the  
aperture of the telescope rendered the bisection  
pretty satisfactory. In practice, the adjusting screws  
were seldom used; and the error of collimation  
being small, the observer either described or drew  
the appearance of the bisection in both positions of  
the instrument every evening before commencing his  
operations. The results are said by the Astronomer  
Royal to be highly satisfactory, and more consistent  
than those obtained by Mr. Sheepshanks while fol-  
lowing the first method.—As the uncertainties of climate  
are even greater in Ireland than in England, and the  
transit-clock, though a good one, is not of the highest  
class, and moreover liable to some suspicion from  
its imperfect fixing, Mr. Sheepshanks felt great ap-  
prehension that he should not be able to carry on  
the time from observation to the comparison of the  
chronometers. He took, therefore, with him to  
Kingstown, every supplementary time-keeper in his  
possession; each of which was compared, directly  
or indirectly, with the transit-clock at every epoch  
of observation, and at every epoch of comparison  
with the chronometers. The precaution, though  
it greatly increased the trouble of observation and  
computation, has also added considerably to the  
accuracy of the result; for the weakest point is  
evidently the carrying on the time between the  
epochs of observing and comparing, which may be  
one or two days in unfavourable weather.—  
Although the time of comparison at Kingstown was  
tolerably near the middle time between the arrival  
and departure of the chronometers, it was found  
necessary, as has been stated above, to make a small  
correction for the inequality of time and the differ-  
ence of travelling and stationary rates.—Before the  
Greenwich-Kingstown series was completed, an at-  
tack of rheumatism in the knee compelled Mr.  
Sheepshanks to apply for a substitute. Mr. Hind  
was sent to supply his place. This accident deranged  
one of the original dispositions, viz. that the King-  
stown observer should be one and the same during  
the whole series. Some delay had taken place in  
communicating with Lieut. Gosset, R.E. (the officer  
who was selected by Col. Colby to take charge of  
the Valentia station); and this spare time was em-  
ployed in running the chronometers between King-  
stown and Liverpool. The weather during the mea-  
surement of the Liverpool-Kingstown arc was un-  
favourable.—In the meantime, Lieut. Gosset and  
Mr. Sheepshanks proceeded to the island of Valentia,  
to arrange proceedings and to set up the transit in-  
strument. There is a mail every evening from  
Dublin to Limerick, continued to Tralee with a  
change of carriage. From thence to Cahirsiveen,  
the usual conveyance seemed too slow and uncer-  
tain; and arrangements were made with Mr. Bian-  
coni, to furnish an especial car and relays for this  
part of the journey. The ferry at Valentia was then  
to be crossed, and the chronometers carried by hand  
about four miles to the summit of a hill,—a station in  
the trigonometrical survey, and the site of the obser-







Longan, two species of *Dimocarpus*. The Litchi fruits are the largest, having a much rougher coat than the Longan, which is, moreover, an inferior variety. Both are round fruit, with the pulp surrounding the stone, covered by a tough, thin, leathery coat, which is semi-transparent and colourless. Another dish contained pressed Oranges,—a preserve obtained from a small acid orange, common about Chusan. It looks as if the pulp had been taken out, and the rind boiled in sugar, and pressed. Associated with these was also a dish of Wampee—the *Cookia punctata*,—whose small peculiarly-flavoured berries form a very agreeable preserve.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.  
SAT. Zoological Society.—Gardens.

## FINE ARTS

Lectures on Painting and Design. By B. R. Haydon. Longman & Co.

THIS is a second volume of Lectures by the late victim to High Art in these countries—Benjamin Robert Haydon, "Historical Painter," as his own title-page sets him forth. He mounted ambition's ladder, and cast himself down when half way up,—first, out of despair he could not gain the top, and, secondly, because he found little to feed on more substantial than clouds at that elevation. Yet Riches he needed no poet to acquaint him lie much nearer Earth than Heaven—if men would approach the Mine, they must descend, instead of ascending, unless the silver-mine of the Moon be their object per- adventure! Genius has but this alternative, and must forego all sanguine hope of both advantages together: it must resolve from the very outset to content itself amidst privations— oftentimes the hardest privation included, want of present fame; to live in an attic like William Blake, or a forlorn atelier like Barry; to "eat mutton cold," like Burke, or diet with "spare fast" and "the Gods," like Milton; yea, to find a helpmate who will observe such a self-denying ordinance also, or spend a life of single unblissedness.—Genius must resolve so to do, when immortal renown is the guerdon it seeks. As Shakspeare's most wise Fool declares,

He that hath a little tiny wit,  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,

nor must Genius have less philosophy. Should the loaves and fishes roll to his feet and swim to his hand, let our ambitionist catch them by dozens and shoals if he can, without grovelling and grasping rapaciously. It may happen they will come, but he has no right to expect them on the sublime path he has chosen: berries and roots are his appointed portion. He possesses every right, we grant, to rebel at any time, against such fare: let him spurn it—let him quit the barren pinnacles of Parnassus, and slip down to the unctuous plains of Bœotia, where the streets are paved with penny rolls, and the pigs run about ready roasted. But we again say, he has no right to expect *here* crowns of Delphic laurel, nor indeed chaplets of the lowliest kind, save of the "fat weed" perhaps,

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf.

In short, the man of genius must come prepared for the one or the other fortune,—for contentment with it alone, whichever he shall choose, should chance or Fate limit him thereto. Constituted as the world now is, and the worldliest part of the world especially, to wit, the Anglo-Saxon,—as it ever will be until Plato's Commonwealth become universal over the civilized globe,—Genius, like virtue, must reckon upon the exercise of *itself* being its chief or sole reward. Unacquaintance with this stern truth, we opine—if not a credulous assurance he had powers to command both the public voice and purse, after the example of some favoured mortals who have made them tributaries—rendered life's long martyrdom an in-

cessant crucifixion of the Spirit, at last altogether unendurable, from its accumulated and thrice-embittered agonies, to poor Haydon. Where the mind, through want of native strength, can neither foresee nor fit itself on the sudden for the hundred fights waged against it by human and hell-born fiends, it will seldom possess enough to survive them. When we add the blows given handsomely as well as unhandsomely—in the light as well as in the dark—by open as well as secret antagonists on this great arena of contentions, amongst which regimented War is never the cruellest or the deadliest—what shall be said? Could any but the case-hardened hero, his very heel impregnable (because at *that* most cowards aim their secret shafts),—he who can bend up each corporal and mental agent to the feat, whether of energetic action or endurance,—could any one else chant even a faint *Io triumphe* while he drags his limbs off the field? Come thence though he may without a visible cicatrice, the iron has entered into his soul! Verily it is not the death-struggle, but the *life-struggle*, emits the deepest groans, costs us the bloodiest tears, and brings forth the sweat-drops of bitterest anguish. So much more agonizing does the latter often become, so maddening, that the stroke of death which ends it has seemed a trifle. A violent bullet-stroke appears to have been scarce felt! Double suicide is committed—death *twice* self-inflicted, it may be said—rather than renew the vain, vain life-struggle, with spirits depressed and heart quite broken. We have no mission to sermonize, or such a text would furnish us matter for an impressive discourse; we can only exclaim in the words of the great Moralist:—

How chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors! O if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,  
Would shut the book and sit him down and die!

The free-spirited author of these Lectures was something of a professed talker on Art, but not of a professed writer, though he has written both pamphlets and books. He snatched up the pen bytimes as he would a stick, to cudgel a doctrine into the public numskull, or out of it; bytimes to make a bold, brief flourish. From his very slipshod style, or indeed slipperless altogether, we judge that he girt his loins, also, loosely enough for attempts in literature. Yet perhaps he mistook his star,—the commonest of errors among men who turn their eyes aloft, while the rarest among those who seldom think about the stars, but turn their *os sublime* towards the "patines of bright gold" which they must pick from the dirt. Had the pen been Haydon's weapon, we are of opinion he would have fought his way much better through the world: at least his efforts with it could not have met the fate he most complains of as attending his pencil achievements—neglect. Painted pictures may be overlooked or left aside; pen and ink delineations, the sharp-lined, strong-featured, atramentous limnings dashed off by his fearless hand, would always have forced attention, whether they fixed it long or no—and to attract notice was his happiness. Another recommendation had been, that England is heinously unprovided on the score of *Æsthetics*, and swallows, mouth and eyes agape, like Demogorgon, all the garbage, so-called, thrown into her maw. Haydon, who possessed artistic knowledge and enthusiasm, the true source of eloquence, was, thus far, well fitted for the able æsthetical missionary, if not the infallible apostle to the heathen around us. Besides trust in authorship as his proper vocation, he wanted a due course of studies and practice alone. Even though unprepared and inexperienced, he has done more in it than in what

he esteemed his heaven-appointed office; his writings will spread his fame wider than will his paintings, and preserve it longer, and give deeper pleasure, and effect greater good. Many years ago we eulogized his *Encyclopædia Synopsis of Art*, and, some months since, the first volume of these Lectures: we would now applaud the present one, if we could, to "the echo that would applaud again," while heart of relative or friend can beat high at the sound of such homage paid him they lament and love.

Let us signalize the peculiar merit which distinguishes Mr. Haydon's literary productions. We doubt whether the best educative mean be not to *awake* rather than fill the mind of a learner. Stir up his faculties, and for mere want of occupation, they exert themselves; he becomes a co-instructor with his pedagogue, and far the more efficient of the two. Half that instruction—three-fourths of it—given at regular schools or the wild school of the world, is thrown away, lost, useless, and vain: because most pupils, juvenile or adult, are passive recipients of knowledge, and so their minds resemble tubs of the Danaids, letting almost every particle pass through. Even such minds as retain knowledge get choked and clogged by it, from defect of internal stimulus: their digestive powers sink under the weight, and Minerva's capricious disciples, unwieldy, stall-fed scholars, stand dozing over the intellectual manger without wholesome relish or appetite for what it contains. Hence the power of bare *style* in a teacher; not a fine style—nor a correct style—nor do we mean a style anywise approvable on Priscian's system. If pure, of course very much the better; but above all things let it be potent to rouse sluggish capacities, torpid abilities, and such are those of learners generally,—yea, when they would shake off mental listlessness, could they do it themselves. 'Twas no Priscianism made the speeches of Demosthenes, however imbued with its virtue, enkindle his audience and raise it to the loftiest mood; 'twas the untameable fervour, the wild-fire, the *theriac furor* (English shrinks from the fierce descriptive epithet of Eschines) that ran through them. In truth, the living often need a loud trumpet to wake them as well as the dead! Yet there is an opposite extreme. We would not recommend the spasmodic style. We would not prescribe literary *cantharides* to excite powerless or prurient minds, to exhaust vigour after unnatural efforts. This stimulant, the last resource of feeble writers, who, without it, fall into the imbecile and insipid,—has become fashionable enough now-a-days: our wishes are rather to restrain than encourage the use of what vitiates popular taste more and more every new dose, and may corrupt it past cure at length. A teacher's most difficult task will ever be to inspire enthusiasm, yet restrict it within proper bounds; to make his pupils observe the maxim, *ne quid nimis*, both ways, and use neither too much spur nor curb; being neither gluttonous for all garbage, nor over-daintily desirous of sweetmeats alone. Haydon's Lectures tend somewhat towards the prevalent extreme, yet in far from so reprehensible a degree as his pictures might lead many persons to imagine. His style is, we have said, careless, and altogether incomposite: but it is spirit-stirring, and thus, if our doctrine hold good, possesses the most effective and requisite of the qualities which best disseminate knowledge or instigate self-instruction.

For subject-matter of the present volume, seven lectures follow the seven of volume the first. They are headed respectively,—"*Fuseli*," "*Wilkie*," the "*Effect of the different Societies in Literature, Science, and Art*," "*Importance of a Competent Tribunal*" in Art, the "*Relative Values of Fresco and Oil-painting*,"

the "Elgin Marbles," and "Beauty." Divers illustrative anecdotes of the two painters whose master-pieces may be called models of two opposite schools co-existent among us—the ultra ideal, and the low natural,—fill the leading chapters with interest. How erroneous on principle, how admirable as eccentric results, were Fuseli's models aforesaid, is well distinguished by one who, nevertheless, adopted their principle oftener than he attained their sublime extravagance. His description of the Anglo-Switzer's *chef-d'œuvre* shows deep acumen, and exemplifies his own forcible style:—

"The finest conception of a ghost which ever flashed on a painter's imagination, was Fuseli's, of the Ghost in Hamlet. There it quivered in martial stride, and round its vizarded head was a halo of light that seemed sulphureous! one smelt the burning, cindry, suffocation of hell! The moon shone dimly behind, while the sea seemed roaring as if disturbed by something supernatural! The spirit looked on Hamlet as if it did not see, but felt his presence, and the eye had a light at the bottom like a lion-eye at his feeding. But yet it was a German ghost, and had more of the fiend than the father; it had nothing to touch human sympathies: combined with the infernal, there was no 'countenance more in sorrow than in anger,' no sable silvered beard of venerable age. It was a fierce demoniacal spirit, an iron-clothed fiend, reeking from hell, and his crimes not yet purified for heaven!"

Elsewhere, we have an anecdote of two other remarkable men:—

"Reynolds and Burke one night were standing in the plaster-room of the Academy looking at the students; another boy of the same description brought over his drawing to Sir Joshua, saying 'Very spirited, Sir Joshua!' Reynolds, amused, handed it to Burke, who after a minute's reflection what he could say to so high flown a gentleman, echoed his own words, 'Very spirited, indeed!'"

Haydon most judiciously adds,—"This word, 'spirited,' has been an *ignis fatuus* to thousands." We have reiterated the same opinion for years; but, perhaps, coming from an artist who never could be accused of frigidity like a critic, it may prove more effective than when it came from us. Opinions, also, which we put forth some years since upon Wilkie's most obvious, yet little observed, variability and fickleness of mind—opinions suggested by acquaintanceship with his works alone—we are glad to see confirmed by our author's acquaintanceship with the man himself.

"More or less of all we are liable to bees [in the bonnet], but poor dear Sir David's buzzed louder and lasted longer than any man's I ever knew.".... "No man living had so many bees as Sir David. I had known him six-and-thirty years, and every spring he had a new one."

Again—

"It was curious to observe the nature of his mind under all its various phases; though by nature cautious and sagacious, and the least likely of all men to be affected by delusions of any description, yet no man was more liable than he to annual mental eccentricities of the most intense deception to the external sense, for such was the vigour of his brain, that whatever got hold of it, grasped it with such tenacity, that his perceptions became subject to its control externally."

We had enumerated six or seven distinct styles among the large collection of Wilkie's pictures exhibited at the British Institution not long ago—each the result, manifest to us then, authenticated to us now, of a new bee in the painter's bonnet! That his perpetual change of style, and chiefly the desertion of his inimitable first, is to be lamented, we agree with Haydon, however we might venture to disagree about particular lines of demarcation. Notwithstanding our designation of Wilkie's first style—"the low-natural"—as such, we acknowledge its great merits, and admire it.

Another tenet of ours often propounded—the

tendency of Middle Class patronage to bring about a middle-class species of Art, we find here insisted on. The author's eighth and ninth chapters are eloquent attempts to rescue painting from the boudoir and the cabinet and the ground-floor, the citizen's and the squire's state-apartments, where "bits of colour," "bits of effect," "bits of nature," alone can obtain room, and to raise it into large national receptacles, public halls and places of popular resort, where noble themes bodied forth in due dimensions would have suitable grandeur of site appointed them. Government he thinks bound to become a substitute for princely patrons and princely palaces, wanted amongst our wealthiest proprietors of snug brick boxes, and, at most, stone-fronted mansions, with grand saloons, whose chandeliers touch a dancer's top-curls, and whose pier-tables endanger flounces and skirts as the wearers whisk up and down the narrow ball-room. These two chapters introduce the Tenth, upon Fresco and the Parliament-Houses:—

"The power of light, which the reflection of lime produces, shining through the colours placed on it, renders fresco, in spite of its deficiency of shadow, fitter for public decoration than oil, whose power lies in its gorgeous shadow. The power of fresco lies in light—the power of oil in depth and tone. Oil is luminous in shadow—fresco in light. A mighty space of luminous depth and 'darkness visible' gives a murky splendour to a hall or public building. A mighty space of silvery breadth and genial fleshiness, with lovely faces, and azure draperies, and sunny clouds, and heroic forms, elevates the spirits, and gives a gaiety and triumphant joy to the mind. The less shadow in decoration the better. Fresco is not desirable, because it is practised on a despotic material, and therefore requires a resolute and unerring hand, a fixed eye, and steady brain. It is desirable for its beauties, not for its obstructions. It is more difficult to paint with your feet than your hands; but that is no reason such a process is desirable. It would be better for fresco, if lime had the facilities of oil. It would be no disadvantage to be able to work up and retouch like Rembrandt, but it is not to be rejected because you cannot do it. You must take the process as it is; and as it has been done effectually by Italians and Greeks, as it has been effectually used as an engine by the modern Germans, though far from the perfection of Raffaele, there is no reason on earth why it may not be also adopted by the British school."

Again, here are his opinions about the English climate, contrasted with the Italian, respecting their comparative clemency towards fresco productions. We think the statement partial, but not, perhaps, altogether unfounded:—

"As colours are in reality tinted water, and as fresco and stucco have a tendency to imbibe water, colours ground in water become incorporated with lime, water, and sand; and when dry they are not to be dissolved again by water; and the basis of fresco and its colours thus become harder than the stone by drying. If the stucco dries too rapidly, as it always does in a hot climate, it does not dry through; and the hardness of the surface, from having imbibed carbonic acid from the atmosphere, hinders the interior from doing the same. The foundation of the stucco not being dry, very often, in its struggles to get at the carbonic acid, splits and blisters what has dried too soon over it as a skin. This was the reason that Vasari and the Italian artists were continually obliged to moisten as they went on, and this is the reason why, in my opinion, the climate of England, being moist, is more adapted for fresco than Italy itself. Here, certainly, we have no chance of fresco drying too soon on the surface; but mortar dries here as hard as in Italy, and wherever mortar dries hard, there fresco may be safely practised. All the cant about our climate is puerile and morbid, and the ingenious objections of a sect in England, who are alarmed at the prospect of a masterly style of design and thinking being established at last, are not to be regarded."

That for which we have always most advocated the introduction of Fresco, and from which

we suspect British Art will derive chief benefit rather than from the specific practice itself, our author brings forward at page 188:—

"The great fact in fresco is this; there are no means of indulging in those tricks to conceal ignorance in design, which oil so copiously affords. A style, where a knowledge of the construction of everything represented is essential by compulsion, will and must effect that very renovation, which the condition of the school at this moment renders peculiarly adapted to receive."

Mr. Haydon's volume expresses a very sanguine hope of fresco itself being successful in these countries. The monomania dominant among British painters for colour at all prices and sacrifices, makes us somewhat doubtful. We never talk with a compatriot limner that colour is not his first and last subject, almost his sole one. If he talk by chance, and by parenthesis, of anything else, it is of *sentiment*, while even that is always sentimental sentiment:—very nice, we admit, in little love-scenes, and cottage-pieces, "Poor Marias," and "Dead Asses," but it will never do in extensive mural pictures! We must altogether disallow the logic, at page 194, which would build up a fine superstructure of English fresco on a foot-long specimen exhibited ten years since, and admired as Greek Art. Granting it afterwards proved to be the work of an obscure English painter, this only showed our national ignorance about fresco, and not our national genius for it. Besides, the second specimen was a genuine and beautiful antique; the large-headed "Ganymede" alone was a counterfeit, and perhaps chiefly admired because imagined a curious remain, like many a true sample from the walls of Pompeii or Herculaneum, as indifferent as the imitation aforesaid. Nobody disputes the power of English painters to acquire the mechanism of fresco, nor the power of Esquimaux painters either, would they but practise it long enough!

Sundry other points we might contest in the volume now under review. We think its author and the Germans both assert extreme doctrines regarding the best possible method to revive fresco. We question, also, whether his "Source of Beauty" be the well of Truth, though it may lie nearer the latter than does Alison's or Jeffrey's fountain. However, upon the whole, we can recommend these Lectures for their sane and solid principles of Art, their numerous original hints and ideas about its possible advancement, and their animated, stimulative, yet healthful style. Purchasers of this, or any of its companion volumes, may do a double benefit thereby—to themselves and to those bereft of *him* who, at least, merited from the public a little posthumous patronage.

#### ART-UNION PRIZE SCULPTURE.

The result of the competition for the Sculpture Prize of 500*l.*, offered by the Art-Union of London, furnishes a new proof of the inaptitude of that body to apply its large resources to the advancement of any one of the Fine Arts. With funds like theirs, there can be no excuse for that niggardliness which, falling short of the price at which only excellence can be obtained, thereby wastes that which it does lay out—so far as the encouragement of high Art is concerned. The offer of a prize for a work of sculpture was, as we said at the time, a move in the right direction—but was rendered ineffectual by the insufficient amount of that prize. A fine work of sculpture, the Council must know, cannot be paid with 500*l.* By such a sum they could neither hope to call into the field of competition any of those artists whose former successes have guaranteed their ability—nor expect adequately to remunerate and encourage any new hand whose genius this temptation might have the effect of revealing. The result is just what might have been expected—giving fresh confirmation to that character of mediocrity which rests on the general doings of this Art-Union. Nay, in the

present instance have been attained any positive results as competitors subscribers and Princes' Theatres in number; and the new performances have not been the money. Al long since had in some instance a Stream," obtaining of a chance of this low tempting of peace for the Art-Union of ever on the pro will have taken lots, if these are— and not merely to is, however, of the comp we should im been in forme figures have l names—so thation of per should fall wi gory of the e members can Of the works with scarcely mention. Th and vigorous and airy mov the merits of borrowed mer artist—and the Dancing Girl cannot find a upon: and al standing such in some, m when we say sum as coul that would scheme, has p it can select pealed to it

Part of t lately passed into those of renewed an Messrs. Wo entire collect living reader are not now upon these half a dozen brochure of s more conven that a secon favourable of part of the c some three h Parmagianini Dürer, and the latter ap two by Raff signs, one B Better judge and though new of all, a far more i Raffael to m mens are al What imm reflect upon What an in upon such tion! Wh commended



present instance, mediocrity can scarcely be said to have been attained—so far as this association has had any positive action on that result. The works sent in, as competitors for the prize, are now exhibiting to the subscribers and their friends, in the concert-room of the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street. They are twenty in number; and the good amongst them are not new, and the new not good. About one half of these performances have no business here at all—and can certainly not be permitted to enter into competition for the money. Already familiar to the public, they have long since had their meed of praise or blame,—and in some instances, as that of Mr. Foley's "Youth at a Stream," obtained their reward. At no new cost of labour or of Art, they are sent here to take their chance of this prize;—which, not sufficient to induce men of reputation to original exertions, is nevertheless tempting enough as offering an auxiliary recompense for what have been already incurred. The Art-Union of London has had no influence whatever on the production of these works; and might as well have taken its 500*l.* at once into the old markets, if these can have any claim to the sum. The crowd—and proper—object of that association was not merely to purchase, but to stimulate. There is, however, a further objection in the principle of the competition, which must, of necessity, we should imagine, exclude any works that have been in former exhibitions. All these groups and figures have long been labelled with their authors' names;—so that there could be no escaping the imputation of personal partialities in an award which should fall within their circle. And within this category of the exhibition the award *must* fall, if its members can make good their titles to compete. Of the works which we now see for the first time, with scarcely an exception, it is generous to make no mention. The *Hunter returned Home* has character and vigorous modelling;—*Iris ascending* has the light and airy movement of the goddess;—*Innocence* has the merits of sweetness and simplicity; but they are borrowed merits, unless the work be by one particular artist;—and then they are repeated ones:—and the *Dancing Girl* reposing has variety and grace. We cannot find another limb to hang a word of praise upon; and all of the new performances,—notwithstanding such merit as we have been able to recognize in some,—must be included in our depreciation, when we say that the Art-Union, by offering such a sum as could only underpay a work of sculpture that would have done credit to them and their scheme, has pledged itself to overpay any work which it can select out of the few that have properly appealed to it in this collection.

DRAWINGS BY ANCIENT MASTERS.

PART of the celebrated *Lawrence Collection* has lately passed from the hands of Mr. W. Conyngnam into those of Mr. Colnaghi, Pall-Mall; where we have renewed an acquaintanceship with it that began at Messrs. Woodburne's, some years ago,—when the entire collection was exhibited, as perhaps the Art-loving readers of the *Athenæum* may remember. We are not now about to repeat any of our critiques upon these Drawings; but refer to our volume of half a dozen years back, or to Messrs. Woodburne's brochure of same date, in which they were republished more conveniently together. Let us say, however, that a second examination little modifies our very favourable opinion then given, respecting at least the part of the collection again exhibited. It contained some three hundred specimens, the major portion by *Parmigianino* and *Nicolas Poussin*, divers by *Albert Dürer*, and a few by miscellaneous artists. Among the latter appeared most of the pre-eminent items: two by *Raffaël*, four by *Michaelangelo*, three by *Manetna*, one by *Leonardo*, one by *Giorgione*, &c. &c. Better judges than ourselves have given these names; and though we could not guarantee the appropriateness of all, we can the excellence of the drawings,—a far more important matter. Oxford has added the *Raffaël* to its noble series; many other of the specimens are already dispersed among various purchasers. What immortal disgrace does the first dispersion reflect upon that Government which suffered it! What an indelible brand of meanness does it affix upon such a higgling, hard-bargaining Administration! Where and whenever a drawing appears recommended as "from the Lawrence Collection"—it

will remind their fellow-countrymen of the bad taste, the pitiful penny-wisdom, and dereliction of public duty, evinced by those Statesmen.

Another collection of Ancient Drawings, which we visited not long since, with much pleasure, belongs to Mr. B. Hertz, of Great Marlborough-street. It comprises fifteen fragmentary cartoons by *Correggio*, and certain heads from a cartoon by *Raffaël*. The former are designs used in the cupola frescoes at the Church of San Giovanni, Parma; the latter are parts of a work called the 'Delivery of the Keys.' Thus far we have quoted the proprietor's description, without meaning to indorse it ourselves. His cantles of *Raffaël's* cartoon we should rather describe as scopies; but his *Correggio* fragments do look like originals, sadly obliterated and wofully renovated, yet with traces visible enough of their pristine grandiose style,—several details, also, intact enough to afford the comparative anatomist, who can piece out their perfect state from their ruinous skeletons, high gratification.

AN INSTITUTE "GOING A BEGGING."

THERE is something amusing in a circular lately issued by the Council of the Institute of British Architects, inviting all who are qualified to co-operate with the institution, whether members or not. "They would wish," it appears, "to enlist the experience, the judgment, and the taste of those profoundly acquainted with the departments of the art, in the hope of collecting a series of authoritative essays upon every branch of Architecture, considered both as a Fine Art and a Science, so as ultimately to form an important body of information on Architecture, decorative and constructive. The Council trust that this appeal to professional men will not be in vain; and when they consider the honoured names of *Palladio*, *Chambers*, *Rondelet*, *Smeaton*, *Tredgold*, *Nicholson*, *Krafft*, and others, who have done so much, and deservedly gained so much honour, in like investigations, they cannot but confidently hope that many other men of erudition, taste, and science, will be induced to add, in like manner, to the stores of Architectural knowledge."—Honied words these! but the plain English of them is nothing less than asking other people to give up to them the fruits of their labours and investigations! Would any of those whose honoured names are quoted by way of enticement have done thus? Or if any others should now be disposed to do so, will the Institute engage to defray all expenses of publication, including illustrations? *Chambers* and *Tredgold* and *Nicholson* are mentioned as examples:—would the Council, then, receive works of that calibre and bring them before the world in a satisfactory manner? Fancy how the Institute would stand agnost at the idea of receiving, even gratuitously, for such purpose, any work approaching in character to *Stuart's Athens*!

Surely, both the profession and the public might much more reasonably look to the Institute and its members, than to strangers, for contributions to architectural literature and the stores of architectural knowledge. Let that body, or some of the individuals belonging to it, set the example; after which they may with more propriety—and probably with more effect—call upon others to "do likewise." At present—the comparison is more pertinent than complimentary—their proposal is that of drones, who would "enlist" others to become working bees, and toil for them. Of the profession generally, indeed, it must be said that they show little disposition to inform public taste in matters relative to Architecture in its character of a Fine Art,—and, as a Fine Art, capable of being expounded and rendered intelligible to the many. The architectural journals bear witness strongly, though negatively, to this charge; for very rarely do they contain anything from the pen of professional men,—even so much as that correct matter-of-fact information which they might so easily supply, in accurate descriptions, if not drawings, of their own buildings. Nay, some of these put on a very scornful expression when those on whom they affect to look down as mere "reviewers" and scribblers presume to take up that department of criticism which they find abandoned by professionals. If architects are of opinion that the public judgment is misled and corrupted by such irregular teachings, why do they not themselves step forward to the rescue?

Instead of invoking *Hercules* to help them out of the slough in which it seems to be sticking fast, let the Institute,—if it be a real body, not a mere phantasma—a substance, not a shadow,—set its own shoulders to the wheel. Much there is for it to do, which individuals can hardly attempt:—and it might reasonably call on all the members of the profession, throughout the country, to transmit full and technical descriptions of the buildings (of any note) on which they happen to be employed, in order that such information might furnish a sort of official annual Report on Architecture, to be published by the Institute. A series of such reports would, in course of time, become valuable as historical documents. If the Institute must go begging for contributions from the charitably disposed, let it first ascertain how much charity of the kind is afloat among those who might aid it in the manner mentioned, with little or no trouble to themselves—very much, indeed, to their own satisfaction.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—The preparations continue for the erection of Mr. Wyatt's colossal 'Wellington' on the archway at Hyde-park Corner; and unless Mr. Baillie—who has given notice, in the House of Commons, of such an intention—can succeed in directing the attention of the new ministers to the enormity, in time, we presume that the old monument will be finally degraded into a footstool for the new. A correspondent of the *Builder* describes the difficulties which will attend its transport and elevation to its ill-chosen site—so far from sympathising with which, the paper in question humanely wishes they had been impossibilities. The carriage on which it is to be moved is 24 feet in length, the axle is 13 feet 4 inches, with a circumference of 30 inches. The wheels are 10 feet high, or 31 feet 6 inches in circumference, four in number, and weigh 2 tons 6 cwt. each, or 9 tons altogether. The castings are at present in the pit, and "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" will be needed even to lift them thence. Government, it seems, is lending a hand to the work. An eminent contractor estimated the cost of carrying the castings from the artist's studio to the arch, and hoisting them (in three pieces)—to do it whole he was not disposed), at 1,800*l.* "What the operation is actually to cost," says the *Builder*, "we do not know. It is a grievous pity that so much pains and money are to be expended in destroying one monument and putting another out of sight."—From Edinburgh, it is stated that the statue of the bard will shortly take its place in the Scott Monument; and be inaugurated with great ceremony, on the 15th of August,—the anniversary of Sir Walter's birthday.

From Paris, we learn that the architect M. Lesueur has been elected by the Academy of Fine Arts into the chair vacated by the death of M. Vaudoyer, after a contest unparalleled in the annals of that body. Fourteen ballots were taken before a result could be obtained.—M. Blouet being the successful candidate's principal opponent.

The close of the Salon in that capital, has been followed, as usual, by a distribution of honours and rewards. MM. Léon Cogniet and Eugene Delacroix have been created officers of the Legion of Honour; and the rank of Chevalier has been conferred on MM. Félix Cottreau, Édouard Odier, and Félix Philippoteaux, the historical painters; Camille Corot and Édouard Hostein, landscape painters; Léon Morel-Fatis, the marine painter; Oscar Gué and Meissonnier, painters *de genre*; Jean Jacques Feuchère and Simart, sculptors; and Eugene Blery and Achille Martinet, engravers. Medals have also been liberally distributed by the King.—A Museum of Art has been opened at Douai, by the contributions of the possessors of galleries in the province.

Some time since, the town of Falaise, as we informed our readers, projected the erection of a monument to the most illustrious of its sons, William the Conqueror. The money was speedily forthcoming for a pedestrian statue—to which the original intention was limited; and the committee then bethought them of extending their plan, by application for subscriptions to all those noble English families whose Norman origin can be traced. The first and greatest of these is, of course, the Queen; who is descended in the 27th degree from the Conqueror. The numerous alliances of the

princesses of England with continental houses have extended the qualification through most of the sovereign families of Europe; and the people of Palaise, in the hope of interesting all these royal and noble personages in their undertaking, contemplate something very striking, in a monumental sense, for the birth-place of the Conqueror.

The French Society for the Preservation of Historical Monuments, at its recent meeting at Metz, voted a variety of sums for the restoration of monuments belonging to the department in which that town stands.—In Paris, the old column on the Place du Châtelet—the first monument erected, at the commencement of the present century, to the glory of the armies of the Republic and the Empire—is to be repaired:—and colossal statues, representing Commerce, Industry, Agriculture, and Navigation, are about to be placed at the corners of the Pont de la Concorde.

At Leipsic, a subscription has been opened for the proposed monument in honour of Leibnitz;—and in the course of the first day, the sum contributed amounted to 60,800 francs.—The Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, which the philosopher founded, has struck a medal in his honour—having on one side his bust, and on the other allegorical figures representing the sciences which he cultivated.

At Nürnberg, the model for the statue of the Emperor Charles IV.—intended as commemorative of the fifth centenary of the Prague University, the oldest in Germany—has been exhibited. It is 14 feet high—weighs 40 cwt.—and is to cost 80,000 florins (about 9,000 £). The work is described as a fine one. "The Emperor—a graceful, manly figure,"—it is said, "is represented in the act of surrendering the charter of the University,—the crowned head slightly bent. The costume is historically true, the *pallium* covering the rear part of the figure—the folds full, yet graceful. The under garment is covered with lilies; and on the right-hand side hang down the rich tassels of the girdle—the sword adorned with a large, artfully wrought guard. The contractor has undertaken to deliver the whole work, including a sculptured pedestal, to the Prague Committee, at the end of the year 1847.

The list of subscribers to the monument about to be erected at Norkøping, in honour of the late King of Sweden—which, as our readers know, is the work of Schwanthaler—has been published: and it may give some measure of the popularity of that monarch, to state that, of 5,317 names which figure therein, upwards of 3,000 represent the subscriptions of simple sailors, soldiers, peasants and artisans.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Celebrated BRUSSELS OPERA COMPANY, under the Immediate Patronage of the King of the Belgians, has commenced a Series of Performances with Meyerbeer's Grand Opera of 'THE HUGUENOTS,' which has been received with the greatest enthusiasm by crowded and fashionable audiences. Nights of Performing next Week—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. On TUESDAY will be produced Meyerbeer's *chef-d'œuvre*, 'ROBERT LE DIABLE,' in which the eminent artists, Madame Laborde and Madame Julien; M. Laborde, M. Zeller, M. Bruno, &c. will appear. —Doors open at Seven—Opera commences at Half-past Seven.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Whereas the Thursday public was treated to the only four singers deserving the name, in Mr. Lumley's reduced establishment, in 'Il Barbiere' and a scene from 'La Sonnambula,' and with Taglioni in 'La Gitana,' the Tuesday subscribers were put off with the grim and noisy 'Nino,' and with Mlle. Grahn to replace Mlle. Cerito, who was ill, in place of *La Sylphide*, who might easily, we apprehend, have been induced to make her appearance. These facts should not—and we begin to think will not—be forgotten. Having noted them, let us proceed to a more agreeable subject,—Signor Mario's singing of the part of *Percy*, in 'Anna Bolena.' He now seems resolute to surpass Rubini in the very peculiarities to which Rubini was driven by 'Time, the Wringer;'—revels in the use of an extensive *falsetto*, with chest-notes enough to serve any tenor's turn,—and out-does his predecessor in the amount of the embroideries laid upon the *targo* to 'Viviti.' But the difference between artists of the past and of the present school is curiously illustrated in that one famous song. With limited natural powers, and those impaired, Rubini grew more and more forcible as the air went on; not merely because inspired by his own splendid singing, but in the consciousness of strength enough and to spare. With

a voice in its prime, and anything rather than naturally feeble, Sig. Mario becomes so obviously fatigued that the last bars of the *cabaletta*,—

Nel veder la tua costanza,—are hurried over with frivolous flourishes to conceal the weariness of the singer. To what is this owing?—not to the composer. The voice, which is torn to pieces in Verdi's songs with their thunder of accompaniment, is legitimately used and judiciously supported by Donizetti. It may be ascribed, we think, to the incomplete training of the day,—which permits an artist to appear on the stage ere his voice is either schooled or ripened, and leaves rudimentary education to be completed as circumstance shall please. In our present dearth of tenor singers, the Opera-goer may well wait with anxiety to see if Sig. Mario has physical power to bear him safely through the discipline necessary for making him a fine singer, —and to which he has, obviously, of late been carefully subjecting himself.

DRURY LANE.—French Operas.—So copious is our store of musical rumour, this week, that we must confine our reports within the smallest possible space. Enough, then, to record that the Belgian Company has strengthened its orchestra and chorus, and that it was heartily welcomed by a fair, not full, house, on Wednesday,—the opera chosen being 'Les Huguenots.' This went off with spirit,—most of the parts sustained as last year. But it was perilled by the absence of M. Massol; who, though the original *Tavernes* in Paris, is here, we are told, "indisposed" to play the *Comte de Nevers*—an important part, especially for one who, like M. Massol, is a better actor than singer. We have, elsewhere, called attention to the liberal promises made by the management; and need only, therefore, on this occasion, wish the undertaking all possible success.

HAYMARKET.—On Tuesday the comedy of 'London Assurance' was revived, for the benefit of the American sisters. It was an occasion for testing the powers of both in prose comedy. Their success with the audience assembled was satisfactory. Our critical opinion we must reserve for a less exciting performance, when we shall be in a better condition for discriminating between the good and the indifferent. That the *Lady Gay Spanker* of Miss Cushman would be a vigorous piece of acting was to be expected:—suffice it now to say, that it was marked, also, by a liveliness and *naïveté* that commanded applause. Our impression of the younger sister's talents for genteel comedy is confirmed by the charming manner in which she won upon the house in the part of *Grace Harkaway*.

LYCEUM.—On Thursday, a new farce was produced, in two acts, intitled, 'Above and Below,'—an appellation indicating the scenic arrangement, by which a pathetic story is enacted on the first floor and a comic one in the basement of the same house. The former relates to a banker, Mr. Dorville (Mr. Diddie), and his daughter, *Cecile* (Miss Fairbrother), the latter betrothed to *Armand St. Cloud* (Mr. Wigan), a young man who has succeeded to his brother's wealth, in consequence of the supposed death of his son. The banker, in the course of the piece, incurs the peril of ruin, which can be averted only by an advance of money from *Armand*. This is refused.—The story on the ground floor is enacted by an old-clothesman, *Landrè* (Mr. F. Mathews), his brother-in-law, *Poisson* (Mr. Keeley), and *Leonard*, his supposed son (Mr. H. Butler). Of course, *Leonard* turns out to be *Armand's* nephew. On the ruin of the banker, his house is purchased by the clothesman; who has become rich by a lottery-prize,—and who finds in an old coat a will and a letter, which testify to *Poisson's* relationship. This is fortunate for *Cecile*—who has, in fact, rejected *Armand* in favour of his nephew. The two actions proceed simultaneously,—onethrowing the other into most admired disorder. The piece is a translation from the German, through the French, —and was completely successful. Of Mr. H. Butler, who appeared for the first time, we must reserve our opinion until we have further opportunity of estimating his talents.

PRINCESS'S.—A Miss Virginia Monier, of American celebrity, has lately made her *début* here, in *Mrs. Haller*. We must, however, see more of her, before we can judge of her merits,—the lady,

hitherto, having been confessedly labouring under indisposition.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—We should neglect a duty, if we omitted to notice that this house was opened on Saturday by Mr. Abington,—an actor of provincial celebrity,—for the legitimate drama. The play was 'As You Like It,' the part of *Rosalind* being undertaken by Miss Clara Seyton,—a lady well known for her lectures on comedy, and who has, at least, added to her reputation by this performance. We shall be glad to see so good an example spread. The creation, at our minor theatres, of the highest dramatic taste among the play-going public, will prepare the way for more extensive experiments.

St. JAMES'S THEATRE.—French Plays.—Mlle. Rachel is one who will act, in spite of a thousand checks and difficulties thrown in her way by nature,—who will be well, where less resolute spirits would protract, and excusably too, the period of convalescence. Almost tottering, as it seemed to us, with the fatigue and exhaustion consequent upon her late severe illness, here she is upon the stage again,—not so much to support, as to create, the glories of classical French tragedy. So fully have we entered into Mlle. Rachel's peculiarities in former years [*Ath. Nos.* 707, 709, 715,] that it is needless to discuss them anew. On the whole, she more entirely satisfies us in Corneille than in Racine,—perhaps because there is more grandeur and power in the tirades of the former than of the latter poet. At all events, she is not—she never can be—*Phèdre*, as completely as she is *Camille*. With no disposition (and this is wise, the task once undertaken) to manage the repulsiveness of the situations, which, if treated in the modern fashion, would make the drama impossible,—with every intention to display the intensity of her passion for *Hippolyte*, she has neither sufficient tenderness nor fascination in her control. "She moves, *afraid*," not a "gorgeous Queen,"—like one destroyed, not intoxicated, by her fatal desire; and with all her intensity, and all her spontaneous grace and dignity of demeanour, we could not but feel that her foot was hardly on her own ground,—till towards the close of the play, when she turned upon *Enone*, with that withering '*Malheureuse!*' and heaped upon her miserable *confidante* "the mountain of her curse." It is impossible, we imagine, for power in Art to go further than Mlle. Rachel's in moments like the above. There is a genius which persuades, another which subdues:—hers *haunts* those who have witnessed it rioting among the darker passions. This time, Mlle. Rachel has a fair support in her brother, Mons. Raphael Felix. The other parts, too, are better filled than formerly,—if we except that intrusted to M. Marius; whose *parish clerkship* amused us, as having, like other odd things, its prototype—on the English stage.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Our breathing-time with regard to London music is beginning; though our Belgian visitors seem disposed to "cut out" for us a month's pleasantly varied entertainments. Among the novelties which they promise are 'La Juive,'—hitherto given in England as a mere pageant, with an extra spice of torture.—'Le Comte Ory,'—with regard to which the advertisers are mistaken, since we believe it was performed at the Opera many seasons ago, with Madame Monticelli, &c. &c.—'Les Mousquetaires de la Reine,' 'Le Domino Noir' (as written), 'L'Ambassadrice' (*ditto*), 'Zanetta,' and 'La Philire.' There is not one work in this list to say nothing of the other established favourites which are to be given—unworthy of attention; last year's experiences being warrant for our expecting due care in performance.

But Belgian singers and French operas, however welcome, must not make us forget matters at home. We have been, long, too much dissatisfied with the attitude of Native Talent in England not also to have given some thought to measures calculated for the remedy of a condition so unpleasant and anomalous. The main care, as we have ever insisted, must come from the Musician himself: yet a little encouragement judiciously bestowed might do much to quicken his energy and independence. The City, as we had lately welcome occasion to observe, has done itself honour, and made a move in the right direction, by opening its gates to Literature and

Science. What Music? It is not their riches—some on the gambling of most have been placed in the superior companies have no music;—they the most glee singers; for, Glee was the shade were no warriors head no one of the cordance with there not be superior Musical Festivities, or the educational of concerts?—discarded, em commissions duced more p A dinner is a one: but are piality might grace?—not "of Art"? T in the direction In our adv gramme of the appears, that a selection from morning, Dr. with one of the evening s day morning, cert. On Frid loved by a s and a Psalm l two rehearsal the Hanover-August. The Philhar season, are, M Cooke, Elliott other agreeabl reviving prosa ple, to the Anderson, in as Honorary J Our judgm which artists the necessity and discredit now, has rec wrote, in the fo in the last nu rior, accom Mr.—pres Dramatic and L ne occasion, bon studiously flattering termu "—friends as on the Editor's season, Mr. question for the writer from its With such a le done but better motive self, shame r disreputabl practices will commit them No Londo rumour of the consequent up contemporary phrase which epul:—"An of mendacity and-one night redeeming in three of the based to th



Science. Why should not the City do something for Music? It is notorious that certain of the Companies are embarrassed (making good the adage) with their riches—to the point of lavishing unheard-of sums on the decoration of their Halls and on the garnishing of their dinner-tables. Now, since they must have celebrations, why not redeem these from commonplace by attempting something which should be as superior in taste as in magnificence? The Companies have never shown themselves indifferent to music;—they have always purveyed for their guests the most gleeful—no, the most sentimental—of glees; for, according to old-fashioned taste, that Glee was the best sung out of which all light and shade were most completely discharged by sentimental warblers headed by an inaudible counter-tenor. Has no one of them spirit to venture yet further in accordance with the humour of the times? Why should there not be special Hymns, or Cantatas, or Masques, or Musical Festivals, in conjunction with their festivities, or their philanthropic exertions, or their educational establishments? Why not the treat of concert?—for which, all thought of profit being discarded, engagements might be liberally made, commissions liberally bestowed, and a whole produced more perfect than London has yet seen?—A dinner is a jovial thing—A City dinner a capital one: but are there no other forms in which Hospitality might promote enjoyment, “and snatch a grace” not “beyond the reach,” but—by the aid “of Art”? The above hints, we think, point the way in the direction of such.

In our advertising columns will be found the programme of the Birmingham Festival; from which it appears, that on Tuesday morning, the 25th of August, will be performed Haydn's ‘Creation,’ with a selection from Rossini's ‘Stabat.’ On Wednesday morning, Dr. Mendelssohn's new oratorio, ‘Elijah,’—with one or two pieces to display the Italians—in the evening a Miscellaneous Concert. On Thursday morning, ‘The Messiah,’—in the evening a Concert. On Friday, Beethoven's ‘Missa Solennis,’—followed by a selection, including a Hymn by Spohr and a Psalm by Moscheles.—It is also rumoured that two rehearsals of the ‘Elijah’ will take place in the Hanover-square Rooms towards the middle of August.

The Philharmonic Directors appointed for next season, are, Messrs. Anderson, Lucas, Calkin, Howell, Cooke, Elliott, and J. B. Chatterton.—Among the other agreeable signs which have marked a season of reviving prosperity, we must record that a piece of plate, to the value of 50*l.* has been voted to Mr. Anderson, in recognition of his many years' services as Honorary Secretary.

Our judgment with regard to the false relations in which artists would fain stand with the critics, and the necessity of saving the former from the ruinous and creditable consequences of their own weakness, has received a signal illustration, since last we wrote, in the following communication which appeared in the last number of the *Dramatic and Musical Review*, accompanied by judicious comments:—

Mr. — presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Dramatic and Musical Review*; and having, on more than one occasion, observed that Madame —'s name had been studiously omitted, or if mentioned, in but little flattering terms (which was remarked by several of Mr. —'s friends as well), and finding this again to be the case on the Editor's recital of the Philharmonic Concerts of this season, Mr. — begs to decline to receive the journal in question for the future, though he has been a regular subscriber from its very commencement.

With such a manifestation as this there is nothing to be done but to give it all possible publicity. If better motives will not make the Artist respect himself, shame may, perhaps, teach him to hide his disreputability. The desire to indulge in malpractices will not, for ever, survive the power to commit them with impunity.

No London Opera-goer can have missed the rumour of the possible retirement of Signor Mario, consequent upon his marriage with a noble lady. A contemporary contradicts this, with a felicity of phrase which any attempt at condensation would spoil:—“Amidst the thousand-and-one *moreaux* of mendacity far more fabulous than the thousand-and-one nights, but without a shadow of their redeeming interest, we may mention the last but three of the inventions all of which may be traced to the same source. Those who, in their

malice, doomed Castellan to death, have reported that the greatest tenor of the day was about to marry a noble lady. The tenor, being a nobleman of high lineage, who has added to that of his ancestors the justly-earned reputation of his own lyrical prowess—one to whom thousands have been indebted for exquisite enjoyment—might be happy, but not proud, except in courtesy, of such an union. But there is no truth whatever in the report, and those who move in the same circle as the noble and highly-respected lady will at once see the peculiar circumstances which might impart a hope of attack with impunity. Day after day, we have passed by with silence these disgraceful subjects; hoping either the individuals, or their employers, might feel, at last, that criticism in all rightly constituted minds should not only incline to leniency, as applying to fallible things, but respect itself, above all, when they behold the direction triumphantly struggling against the accumulated difficulties of years—difficulties which have become matters of history to those conversant with the subject, and with Courts of Law.” This (we suppose) is “by authority:”—though a doubt suggests itself in the fact, that the same contemporary promised us Verdi's ‘King Lear,’ for this season,—yet has subsequently assured us that no promises were made by the management. It belongs to the Abigail school of argument to call every one “ungentle,” who remembers inconvenient facts;—and we hardly comprehend how Signor Mario's marriage could be called a “disgraceful subject,” by delicacy stretched to the extreme. But—recollecting the positive tone of our contemporary's former information, and his subsequent disclaimer of authenticity,—the whole affair remains precisely where it was,—a rumour, most probably erroneous, but as yet not satisfactorily contradicted.

The announcement that Dr. Mendelssohn and Mlle. Jenny Lind are plotting an opera will not excite a livelier sensation than the rumour (which we believe, this time, to have good foundation) of Rossini's possible return to active life. We are told that the composer's second marriage, which is to take place in the autumn, will be shortly followed by the performance of ‘La Donna del Lago,’ done into French for the *Académie*—the text by M. Vaez; and with so many important alterations and additions by the composer as almost to constitute a new work. It is to be produced during the month of November. Not one of Rossini's dramas is better worth retouching than that in question, which contains some of his freshest and most delicate fancies. Much do we wish that a like revivifying process should be applied to another opera containing some of the master's most sumptuous music,—to wit ‘Zelmira.’ And we may, now, hope, that, as the ‘Comte Ory’ and the ‘Moïse’ were followed by ‘Guillaume Tell,’ this resumption of habits only partially laid aside, we have always suspected, rather than totally abandoned,—will be followed by the production of some entirely new work. Never was the public of Europe so anxious to receive—and so disposed to receive with respect—a gift from the master who has lived to see some reputations, which for awhile supplanted his own, dwindle or expire.

We are glad to read, in the Paris journals, that that intelligent Alsatian composer, M. Ambroise Thomas, has “had a turn” at the *Académie*. In the new ballet, ‘Betty,’ his music seems to have pleased. It was sure to be cleverly and carefully written; since M. Thomas only stands in need of a little more spontaneity to take foremost rank among the composers of gay French opera music.—We are, also, told that the new *danceuse*, Signora Fuoco, has been brilliantly successful in the new ballet. Let the French talk as they will of the degraded state of Art in Italy, here comes a third marvel from the reviled country,—and in that branch, too, which has been always considered as their national speciality—since they last produced one for themselves. Where is the *Parisienne* who can measure her *battemens-brisés*, *entrechats*, and we know not what beside, with Mlles. Cerito or Carlotta Grisi, or this new lady? *La Gazette Musicale* gives us another welcome piece of French Opera news: namely, the possibility of Madame Stolz “reciprocating,” by quitting the *Académie* for the Italian stage. She is even announced as likely to join Madame Cinti-Damoreau, at Vichy,—for the purpose of studying, with that

accomplished *cantatrice*, ‘La Cenerentola,’ ‘Otello,’ and ‘Semiramide.’ Should these tidings be true, we may have hopes of good operas again, and of good *prime donne*. Let us repeat, that the management could not do better than treat with Madame Castellan: whose place—were it only from her deficiency of the true southern *bocca*—is, assuredly, not the Italian musical drama.

A new copyright decision is said recently to have passed the courts of law in Germany, establishing a property in melody,—which makes it, henceforth, impossible for any composer to take a theme for variations, or other similar purpose, without the consent of the publisher. It is a nice point to determine, whether, in this matter, protection may not be pushed a little too far.

The Duke of Brunswick is said to have promulgated an *ukase* (no more liberal word will do!) which will strike all those who are familiar with theatres to be no less odd than despotic. This is, that every fortnight a new play *shall* be represented at the Court Theatre—and every six weeks a new opera.

The exceptional, not to say eccentric, musicians appear resolved to conquer domains hitherto esteemed too incompletely civilized to tempt the Artist on his march. M. Liszt is announced as *en route* for Odessa and the Crimea. It is added, however, that his wanderings are not far from their close: and that it is his intention to open, at Paris, a school for the pianoforte, in a year or two from this time,—his preparations being already in progress.—M. Ole Bull has started for Algiers.

Our musical friends will be amused by the following description of that singular pianist, M. Leopold de Meyer. The *St. Louis Evening Gazette*, of the 30th ult., says:—“We went to hear De Meyer last evening; he has a very agreeable appearance, full of smiles and graces, which were taxed last night almost to effort by the compliments of the audience, and long-continued shouts of applause. After the ‘Carnival,’ he was called back, and gave ‘Yankee Doodle,’ with variations. The high silvery notes, with the low distant bell, followed by the triumphant chorus, was quite historical, and it altogether had a most charming effect. De Meyer's touch is very peculiar—he drives at his instrument, hammer and tongs, like a blacksmith on a wager, lifting his hands almost to his forehead, and then pounding the instrument, as if he were doing vengeance upon it; again, twisting his fingers like a spinning-wheel, so that you can hear nothing but the airy vibrations with which they seem surrounded. De Meyer's pianoforte is quite unique in its way, and well strung.”

#### MISCELLANEA

*Paris Academy of Sciences.*—July 6.—A paper was read by M. Payen, on the chemical analysis and general properties of coffee.—M. Séguier gave a description of a machine for the cleaning of seed corn, so as to remove the inert and useless portions.—MM. Piobert and Morin presented another paper on turbines, giving an account of the various ameliorations of which they are susceptible.—The next paper read was a report by M. Duviol, in the name of a committee, earnestly recommending the Minister of Public Instruction to bring into the Chamber of Deputies a bill for the publication of a national edition of the works of Lavoisier.—M. Cauchy informed the Academy that the obstacles which had occurred to prevent the realization of a plan, by the charitable society of St. Regis, for the civil and religious marriage of persons of the poorer classes living together without the bonds of marriage, have been removed, and that arrangements have been made for such persons to have the marriage rites performed without cost to themselves.

*Sale of Antique Bronzes.*—The collection of bronzes, belonging to the late Mr. Deville, the phenologist, have been sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson. The collection was chiefly formed in Italy by the Count de Vaude, Baron Denon, and the Marquis de la Grange,—from whom it passed into the possession of Mr. Deville. There were 124 lots,—comprising some works of Cellini, Clodion, Michael Angelo, and Bernini. We give a few of the prices the articles fetched. Four

busts, modelled by Bernini during his visit to Paris, and afterwards executed by him in Italy, of Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, Condé, and Turenne, 188 guineas. These busts formerly adorned the Saloon of Mars, at Versailles; and were subsequently presented by Louis XVI. to Stanislaus, King of Poland. Two beautiful Tazzas, supported by children, formerly in the possession of the last-mentioned monarch, 162 guineas. Two ewers, of elaborate workmanship, by Cellini, 49 guineas. Milo rendering the Oak, 28 inches high, by M. Angelo, purchased by the Marquis de la Grange from the Medicis family, 60 guineas. Pluto and Proserpine, a fine group of Italian workmanship, 36 inches high, formerly in the Pitti Palace, the same sum. Æneus carrying Anchises, and followed by Ascanius, a fine group 33 inches high, formerly in the Borghese Palace, 69 guineas. Napoleon seated at a table,—the celebrated original model by Denon, at whose sale it was purchased by the Marquis de la Grange, for a large sum,—217. 10s. Hercules and Omphale, by M. Angelo, brought from the Borghese Palace in 1795, 43 guineas.—*Universe.*

*Chinese Map.*—Amongst the articles brought from China by the Commission who have just returned from that country,—and which are exhibited at the Ministry of Commerce,—is a map of the world, presented to the Commission by the head Mandarin of Canton. The Chinese geographer has arranged the earth quite in his own way. With him, there are no isthmuses, no peninsulas; the Isthmus of Suez is replaced by a magnificent arm of the sea, which detaches itself from the Mediterranean to fall into the Red Sea. We see nothing of the Isthmus of Panama, and the two seas on that side are connected in the same way. There are neither Pyrenees nor Alps, and hardly are the vast mountains of America indicated. On the other hand, however, China is liberally dealt with by the geographer; for upon this point it occupies not less than three-quarters of the whole globe.—*Galignani.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—E. H.—received.

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The Sherbet, Carara Water, &c. will be kept in Wenham Lake Ice. Coffee, Tea, and Ice Creams will be supplied during the Evening, and at One o'clock Supper will be served.

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Persons in the Costume of Clowns, Harlequins, or Pantaloons will not be admitted.

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